

THE SCOURGE.

JUNE 1st, 1813.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter to the Duke of S**** in our next.

Honestas we are anxious to hear from.

We beg leave to hint, *in terrorem*, that we have lately heard of our old friend THOMAS HAGUE.

Q. is very indignant—we know him, and may probably make use of him against his inclination.

We feel ourselves called upon unequivocally to declare, that a certain bookseller at the west end of the town, has not the most distant connection with the *Scourge*, and that to the best of our belief, and in the fulness of our conviction, we can declare he never wrote or caused to be written, any one article that ever appeared in our pages.

Verax.—We have received the communication of Verax, and readily admit the principal object of our work is to correct and render abortive the abuses of the town—we have not been idle; and flatter ourselves we shall be able to commence our operations against the money-lending nest, in our forth-coming number.

Anti-Plutus's male prostitute shall not prostitute our miscellany.

“Stolen Goods brought *Home*,” or, “The Justice Unmasked,” an authentic narrative; “The New Hegira,” or, “The Flight of a Vice-Roy!” and “Alexander the Little;” a ballad, will appear in our next.

THE SCOURGE.

JUNE 1, 1813.

A NEW SONG,

To an old tune.

A PRINCE there was of a portly size,
With whiskers, wig, and a fine pair of eyes,
Who lov'd a dame, fat, forty, and fair,
Of a rosy pole and an amorous air;

And he teased her,
Pleased her,
Rumbled her,
Tumbled her,

And rolled her about in the joys of love.

And she was a coaxing frisky dame,
And fond of the fun 'twere a sin to name;
She gamboll'd about the young ones to shew
That if they had charms, so had an old doe;

And she simpered,
And whimpered,
And coaxed him,
And hoaxed him,

And feathered her nest to the tune of love,

She had a bald-headed stag for a mate,
Who stroaked his antlers conspicuously great;
The gold he received to encourage their growth;
He pocketed freely, and seemed nothing loath;

He was old,
And loved gold,
Never rumbled her,
Tumbled her,
Nor swam in the joys of delightful love.

Now the whiskered Prince had a comely wife,
And he loved not the sweets of a wedded life,
And of what he said, and of what he did,
We'd better be silent lest we should be chid ;

For Lincoln,
We think on,
And Newgate
We've no great

Desire to peep through its sweet prison bars.

And he had an aunt who fain would die,
So a tear-drop studded his roguish eye,
Says he, Aunty, farewell, since you needs must be gone,
At W——r you'll find snug lying alone ;

Near dead kings,
And such things,
Long rumbled,
Now crumbled,

And mouldering away in dignified pride.

'The sexton he turned up the earth with his spade,
Then up spoke a voice, which made him afraid,
From my grave, cur, fly, for I'm Charley that's dead,
And this here's my body, and that there's my head ;

So fellow begone,
We're *two* to one ;
Though *divided*,
United,

We'll pummel the flesh off your petrified bones.

Then the Prince he came with a doctor bold,
He heard the story the sexton had told,
And viewing the head, his royal bones shook,
And his wig fell off at Charley's grim look ;

Marrowless king
Thou'rt a frightful thing;
My head on my shoulders,
Delights all beholders,
While thine but excites dread, fear, and alarm.

Then the doctor he screwed up his mouth, and spoke,
"To cut a king's head off I think is no joke,
Or a r---t, or any one, living or dead,
I know no one improved by the loss of a head,

Except woman,
'Tis true, man,
Whose chatt'ring
And clatt'ring

Is shortened together with shortening her height."

The whiskered prince smiled at the merry conceit,
His wig moved by instinct regained its bald seat,
Give Charley his head, man, we'll have no more strife,
You may hold up the craney, instead, of my —,

Who I think is too tall
By a head, neck and all,
Send her to her mother,

I'll go get another;

Miss Platoff, I hope, will look smiling on me.

Then straight from a coffin another voice broke,
Bones rattling in laughter, the vaulted roof shoke,
'Twas fat Harry the Eighth, a chirping old mummy,
Whose *gums* were defunct, but who still appeared *gummy*;

"Kill 'em all,
Crop 'em all,
Range 'em,
And change 'em,

Do as I did before you, and live like a prince.

"Though cooped in this hen-house," continued the king,
While I lived, mark historians, I did the neat thing,
Of wives I had plenty to pamper my lust,
And I cropt them, and sent them to premature dust;

I roved and ranged,
 Cropped and changed,
 Bothered 'em,
 Diddled 'em,
 And lived as a monarch should, "whiskered and wigg'd."

The prince then sighed with the weight of care,
 Whispered adieu to fat Harry the fair,
 Vowing his maxims he'd gladly adopt,
 But women were ticklish things to be docked,
 When they smile
 They beguile;
 When they whimper
 And simper,
 Dissolving the heart, they disarm the man.

STATE OF EUROPE IN 1813.

GREAT BRITAIN engaged in a ruinous continental war, long prosecuted with a view to the security of her own throne, and of bettering her national importance; but although prosperous in the former, not likely to improve the condition of the latter. The deliberations of her government distracted by the intervention of minor subjects, in a moment when vigor, unanimity, and a prompt and decisive executive, can alone give it preponderance in the scale of events.

THE KING—Old and infirm.

THE PRINCE—Blank ! blank !! blank !!! or, libel, libel, libel—i. e. TRUTH !!!

THE MINISTRY—A coat of shreds and patches, materials collected from decayed administrations, neither deserving or receiving the confidence of the nation—men of principles not to be defined, and whose practice emanates from no concerted system.

THE OPPOSITION—men who *talk* virtuously, not from principle, but for place.

THE ARMY—Dispersed for the purpose of obtaining trifling advantages, while by concentration, their known courage, skill, and temper, would lead to the highest, without that extravagant expenditure of valuable blood which now flows only to the benefit of the enemy.

THE NAVY—Dropping from the zenith of her glory, her annals tarnished by a feeble foe, through the mismanagement of her B — of A —.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION—a gossiping speculation of the ins and outs, neither meaning well to the body of the people they profess to relieve, nor caring for the established religion.

THE LOOMS OF THE COUNTRY—out of repair, rusty, and covered with cobwebs.

THE MANUFACTURERS—Vide the London Gazette.

THE COURTIER—See the red book.

THE PEOPLE—*feasting* on parish soups!

IRELAND—generally disaffected—caring little for the disabilities under which, as catholics, they labor, but *forced* by their priests to consider them as the source of all their sufferings. Without manufacture, without trade, external or internal, loaded with taxes which they cannot pay, hearth money, shop bill tax, &c. &c. Priest and landlord ridden, slaves of the soil, and taught to believe that *all* is the effect of Englishmen and measures, they but wait a favourable moment for revolt, which catholic emancipation will never prevent.

FRANCE—a kingdom risen to vast empire by the weak efforts of her enemies to subjugate and oppress her, now led away by the ambitious hope of universal dominion, tottering with her weight, and risking her own integrity on the fate of a battle! governed by an usurper, who if swayed by great vices is no less distinguished for the possession of extraordinary faculties, she wars with confidence, yields her supplies without much reluctance, and, (although party papers affect to the contrary,) her sons with a mother's fondness, a mother's inspiration.

HER RULER—is in himself a signal instance of what the strength of the human heart can effect, and dispassionate historians will do much for his memory; but they cannot do much for the foul blots upon his name, unless they erase them all together.

HER GENERALS are for the most part heroic soldiers, who have been raised to rank, wealth, and honor, through the interest of their own military merits.

HER COUNCILS are directed by men of shrewd observation and sound policy; who, aware that their own welfare depends much upon the welfare of the nation, are thus tricked into integrity perhaps against their will.

AUSTRIA—Febrile remains of the old court faction, with all its old formalities, deliberations, and intrigues, allied to France as the beaten turnspit to its calling, and existing by the sacrifice of one of its princesses—incapable of energy, and with more power ascribed to it than it really possesses; on finding the lion engaged it makes an unmeaning shew, but all is smoke, and will evaporate as readily.

RUSSIA—Elate with the battles which a frigid winter has fought for her, and assuming dictatorial tones from hopes not yet realized, possessing a strong stamina but somewhat nervous in the pulse—almost as much to be dreaded in her triumph as the enemy would be in her overthrow.

PRUSSIA—Always a traitor to the weakest side, wavering like a weathercock to the wind, without courage, without stability, without honor, and exciting no other hope than the cause alone to which he is allied; now crouching at the feet of the lion he has aroused, and sacrificing his confederates! now pouncing upon him in his slumbering moments, and again crouching!

HOLLAND—Cautious, calculating, and slow. Hating, but fearing the power to which she is allied.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL—Distracted countries, divided into factions for and against the French, but almost careless about their government, and generally preferring the *Catholic* invader to the *Protestant* ally. The grave of Englishmen who have expended their blood for barren laurels, and a people who will not break bread or drink out of the same cup with them.

SICILY—A leaf in the English pension list.

HANOVER—The old mill-stone about to be re-erected by the Duke of Cumberland, if ———.

SWEDEN—A wet and dry, waiting events.

DENMARK—More sagacious than honest, but less penetrating than secure: a future boon of peace to the strongest party; a thing to be ceded.

Scourgiana.

The Surry magistrates with Mr. Bowlès at their head, are again in requisition, and have been some time feasting and fretting, at hearing of the *audacious* determination of the impious Mr. Barrett on opening that scene of vice, "Vaux-hall," to the profligate rips of the town. Oh, John Bowles, John Bowles, pious John Bowles; but we must say nothing of the Dutch commissioner John Bowles, who pocketed the pence.

The arguments of this pious puritan against the illuminated garden of Mr. Barrett, where bright eyes and gaudy lamps intoxicate the sight, are incontrovertible—we will not repeat them, but we will cry out with all our hearts, shame on such doings—oh fye, fye!—Mr. ——— in a very eloquent address to his brother magistrates declared that once led away by the spirit, he visited that dreadful scene of profligacy and vice, and actually sat down to regale himself on ham and beef, which he assured his brother magistrates was flavored by incontinence, for that no sooner was his appetite satisfied, than he found himself moved from within by another spirit which prompted him even to a damsel!

At the sale of the Duke of Cumberland's wine, a considerable quantity fetched the extravagant price of *twelve guineas* per dozen. It is a truth this wine had been but recently bought, and it is currently reported *not yet paid* for. It being charged to his Royal Highness at *six guineas* per dozen, *of course* the poor tradesman will obtain an immediate settlement of his demand, having allowed his Royal Highness a Jewish profit on the article—"shent per shent," as Moses says.

A certain royal politician is said to have tendered his services to any party obtaining for him a liberal increase of income! they were *first* offered in support of the administration, but that party having no faith in him, so versatile were his talents, that he turned round to the whigs, who felt no inclination to receive him; and after a variety of ineffectual efforts, he found himself in a deplorable minority—with Carlton house

doors peremptorily closed against him, and only associated with by a Portuguese Jew editor of a monthly journal, and a few other grubs, who, groping their heads above the turf, cling to the first object that can rescue them from obscurity—so much for apostacy!

Is it true that Mr. Taylor of the Opera-house could practice such an imposition upon the public, as that with which he now stands charged, and that he could descend to so low an act of cunning? It is asserted in a tone of confidence defying reply, that the recent performance at the Opera-house, advertised for the benefit of Mr. Lacy, was in fact for the benefit of Mr. Taylor, who after paying all expences and the stipend for the use of that improvident man's name, netted near five hundred pounds. If Mr. Taylor is a pauper, why not as a pauper throw himself on the town; and thus attempt to relieve his necessities: we blush for his meanness, and the servility of Lacy who could aid such an imposition, and render his misfortunes subservient to the views of such a man as Mr. Taylor.

Previous to the departure of the Don Cossack for Russia, he was introduced to the P——e R——t, and his tailor and wig maker, when the dimensions of his whiskers and beard were taken, and the other costume of the veteran.—The Prince seemed highly delighted with the whole of his appearance and gave orders accordingly—he presented him with a black velvet sword-belt, brilliantly studded with silver! a handsome silver cartouche box with his Royal Highness's cypher and crest!! and a handsome sabre!!! Poor Zamlenetin; what an opinion must he entertain of the English from their extravagant admiration of him—he must of course believe that the whole nation does not boast so great a hero as himself, while perhaps in his own regiment he could point out a hundred individuals with equal claims to courage and respect—have we no one in our own ranks deserving of as much admiration? What is become of the brave fellow who seized the invincible standard in Egypt from the hands of a French officer, while surrounded by his comrades?—we heard of no brilliant sword-belt—no silver cartouche-box—no handsome sabre presented to him—but he was an Englishman, and *merely* performed his duty! In the ranks of Buonaparte such a man would have been advanced to distinguished honors, and while

his heroism was rewarded, his comrades would have been fired to emulation by his example.

Numerous puns have been circulated at the expence of the followers of *Johanna Southcott*, (who have lately established themselves in Sheffield;) the two following are the most singular, and have attracted universal attention.

FIVE GUINEAS REWARD.

WHEREAS on Wednesday evening the 21st inst. that Arch Fiend the Devil, alias Lucifer, alias Beelzebub, alias Satan, did maliciously and villainously assault the *members* of the *Johanna club*, and much injure several of them with his infernal horns, hoofs, and tail in their endeavours to take and cast him to the † *bottom* of the *bottomless pit*.

This is to give notice that whoever will bring to justice the aforesaid arch rebel, shall on conviction receive a reward of five guineas from the treasurer of the aforesaid *Johanna club*.

By order of the Seven Golden Candlesticks,

BROTHER ABRAHAM,

1st Speaker,

PROCLAMATION.

Pandæmonium, April 23d.

WE, Lucifer, Son of the Morning, Prince of the Power of the Air, &c. having received intelligence from our faithful emissary stationed at Sheffield, in the county of York, of a most diabolical conspiracy against our royal person, by a set of misguided, enthusiastic, impious mortals, who call themselves *Johanna's club* elect;

They having dared to fix on certain buildings in Sheffield, certain advertisements offering a reward for the seizure of our royal person:

Now we decree, whoever will seize the aforesaid *Johanna club*, and bring them before us, shall be rewarded according to our well known generosity and liberality, with earthly power, riches, titles, &c. &c. &c.

Given at our imperial palace
this 5817th year of our reign,

(Signed)

“ LUCIFER.”

† The editor need not be surprised at this expression as it is a favourite term of theirs.

MONSIEUR BONNEAU.

The *nom de guerre* (Bonneau) though generally made use of in speaking of a certain *gentleman*, is yet by no means generally understood. The editor of the *Scourge*, is therefore, requested to print the neat and facetious verses of Voltaire to shew the *fitness* of it.

“ Donc pour cacher comme on peut cette affaire,
Le Roi choisit le Councillier Bonneau :
Confident sur, et très-bon Tourangeau,
Il eut l'emploi, qui certes n'est pas mince,
Et qu'a la Cour, ou tout se peint en veau,
Nous appellons être l'ami du Prince ;
Mais qu'a la ville, et sur-tout en province,
Les gens grossiers ont nomme magereau.”

It may be thought, perhaps, from the name of Bonneau, that something little or *pimping* is to be inferred ; but the editor may rest assured, and from the highest authority, that Bonneau was a *very great man*.

But while contending, and in an honorable manner*, for the importance of the Parisian—his competitor for *pandaric* fame, (and who, by the way, is still more happily designated as under) must not be forgotten. It will no doubt be seen and acknowledged, from the words *son sort de splendeur revetu*, that he is at least equal to the Frenchman in GREATNESS.

“ On sait que ce pie plat, digne qu' on le confonde,
Par de sales emplois s'est poussé dans le monde ;
Et que par eux son sort de splendeur revetu,
Fait gronder le merite, et rougir la vertue.” MOLIÈRE.

Should doubts remain with any as to the “ sales emplois,” which here are spoken of, they can be easily resolved by those who formerly travelled to D—shire for particulars ;—and where (be it whispered) this *pie plat* in attempting to *run down the game*, unexpectedly met with a ‘whipper’ out.

A cap among the crowd is thrown,
Let who will—*claim it for his own*. PHILAGATHUS.

* ‘Honorable manner’—um---I am fearful, good Sir, that you may have some sneerers at this,---But I hope to know the time when you will be able to say “*right honorable manner* ;”---and then let Madam ——— wag her tongue against your *virtue* if she dare. PRINTER'S DEVIL.

LITERARY FRIBBLES.

SIR,

As one of the guardians of the public taste and morals against the progress of vanity, ignorance, and folly ; and as having displayed on numerous occasions, a steady and enthusiastic attachment to the interests of literature, I beg leave to call your attention in a peculiar manner to the usurpation of the rights and honours of genius, learning, and integrity, by the dull, the impertinent, and the idle ; by plodding indigence, unprincipled avarice, and shallow and expensive foppery. The rewards of legitimate talent usefully employed, even while it commands the undivided notice or admiration of the multitude, are sufficiently scanty and uncertain ; but when the pecuniary resources to which the learned and the able have secured a claim by their exertions, and the honors of literary eminence, are absorbed and monopolized by fashionable buffoons, courtly triflers, the dependants on literary dowagers, the playthings of the most frivolous society, the laborious ministers to the perverted taste of half-educated amateurs in arts and letters, or the wilful and designing speculators on the public ignorance and credulity ; the Twisses, the Gells, the ———, the Beloes, and the Henrys, how is it possible that modest but unobtrusive merit should make its way ; that profound philosophy, sublime, pathetic, and original poetry, scientific research, or the combined acquisitions of the scholar and the gentleman, should rise above a miserable dependence on the drudgery of compilation for the manufacture of convenient notes to popular poems, and of catechistical lectures in philosophy ?

The sarcastic observations of your correspondent P. P. in the last number of the *SCOURGE*, on the prevailing rage for old, imperfect, and mutilated editions of celebrated works, ought to have been extended to the purchase of works equally destitute of original merit and of

typographical neatness, or external ornament. For the rivalry excited by an old edition of Virgil or Boccacio, some apology may be found not entirely inconsistent with reason or good taste; but the following list of flat, stale, and unprofitable productions, exhibited to view in all the pride and pomp of age and ugliness, evinces the wealth of the purchasers, I am afraid, more powerfully than of any other valuable or desirable gift.

Prices received for several books, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh's library.

	£.	s.	d.
A Discourse of English Poetrie, by William Webbe	64	0	0
The Paradyse of Daintye Devises	53	15	0
A Collection of some thousand Ancient Ballads . .	477	15	0
The Passetime of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawys . .	81	0	0
The Example of Virtue, by the same	60	0	0
The History of King Boccus and Sydracke	30	0	0
The Contraverse between a Lover and a Jay . .	39	0	0
The Spectacle of Lovers, by Will Walter	43	0	0
Guistarde and Sigesmonde	54	0	0
The Castell of Pleasure	65	0	0
A Translation of the Ship of Fools	64	0	0
A MS. of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales	357	0	0
A Littel Treatise of the Horse, the Sheep, the Goos, &c. by J. Lydgate	44	0	0
The Love and Complaints between Mars and Venus	60	0	0
Gower's Confessions of Amantis	336	0	0
Another Copy, neither so old nor so ugly (such is the value of deformity)	18	6	0

Such were the enormous sums expended in the gratification of a perverted and capricious taste, for the "curiosities of literature:" a taste not only frivolous and degrading in itself, but productive of the most serious evils to the interests of genuine learning. Among the principal attendants and bidders at the above sale, were several conspicuous patrons and subscribers to the Literary Fund; men who meet at an annual dinner to bewail the miseries of the man of letters, and to provide a fund

for the relief of suffering genius; who declaim on the blindness and folly of an age that suffers distinguished merit to languish in obscurity and indigence, and listen to an annual ode on their own virtuous and discriminating benevolence. No wonder that the professions of even the wealthiest of these individuals are disproportionate to his performances; that learning in distress sinks beneath the weight of its misfortunes, while the treasurer and the committee are consulting on the amount of their pecuniary balance; that ten pounds is considered as an ample relief to a man of respectable habits, with a numerous family, and surrounded by petty but clamorous creditors. The hundreds and the thousands that would otherwise be devoted to the encouragement and support of living excellence, are squandered on the quaint, unintelligible, or lascivious productions of the dead.

Next to the connoisseurs in old books, and the noble collectors of ancient libraries, the most dangerous pests to literature, are the gentlemen authors—men, who having obtained an introduction into good society, with fortunes too moderate to permit their indulgence in expensive pleasures, and with too little personal influence to direct the taste of the fashionable world in its modes of dress, or of convivial amusement, assume the easier task of guiding its literary taste, and purveying to its appetite for amorous canzons and complimentary epistles, and polite and familiar essays on subjects hitherto regarded as belonging to the exclusive province of the classical scholar. Their general introduction into good company supplies them with the desired opportunities of display: the toilette of Mrs. Cavendish Bradshaw, the assemblies of Albinia, the *petits soupers* of Thomas Hope, and the winter coteries of the Berries, are equally open to their didactic, amatory, and historical effusions. A pleasing fragment recommends the volume, versifiers are transformed into poets; the inditers of sonnets and lovesongs into “charming melodists;” and dilletanti and fops who take a voyage of pleasure to Greece or Italy, view the summit

of Mount Etna through a telescope, approach the tumuli on the Peloponnesian shore, and publish on their return enormous quartos embellished with “beautiful green pictures” and sketches of the supposed face of the country, are distinguished by the appellation of *great travellers*.

Among the most conspicuous of these gentlemen Mr. Spenser is a distinguished favorite. His compositions are nearly as poetical as the celebrated song by a person of quality, and much more melodious. He scribbles with fluency and elegance, and but for the successful rivalry of the author of the Poetical Addresses to Lady Elizabeth Mugg, might have long continued to set competition at defiance.

I shall pass over the Ker Porters, the Moores, and the Carrs, because in their writings among much frivolity, affectation, and ignorance, there is a considerable portion of intellectual vigor, and the public are indebted to their labours for much instruction and amusement. Mr. Gell, however, the dear, entertaining, accomplished Mr. Gell, must not be permitted to hide within the sacred security of a palace, the various claims that he enjoys to a distinguished place among the literary fribbles of the day. This gentleman was distinguished when at college by nothing but the meek timidity of his conversation and demeanour; but having by accident obtained an introduction to the coterie of the B——ys, ladies of respectable family, and of amiable and cultivated minds, but like other females alive to the seductions of flattery, however unworthy and obsequious, he was ushered beneath their patronage into every fashionable circle; became one of the select few who were admitted to the honor of social intercourse with the Princess of Wales; and was a distinguished guest among the Hopes and the Buckinghams. But his personal fortune was small, his manner insignificant, his conversation nothing. To be received with attention even in the circles of the great world, requires some ostensible qualification; and Mr.

Gell in the true spirit of chivalrous adventure, anxious to prove himself worthy of the patronage of his female deities, the B——s, resolved on a voyage to the scenes of Achilles' wrath, and Agamemnon's jealousy. With the spirit of the most adventurous hero, he sailed to Ilium, surveyed the Troas, filled his portfolio with sketches of an imaginary country; and pronounced with confidence that the creation of his fancy was an accurate plan of the scenery of Homer. His collection of drawings and engravings was accompanied by a series of remarks, surpassing in affectation and frivolity all the productions of modern voyagers and tourists. But the Edinburgh Reviewers were his friends; he had met with Mr. Brougham at Holland-house; had introduced Mr. Scott to the enviable society of the Chevalier de C——, and contributed to the Review itself the satirical criticism on his friend Mr. H——'s upholstering speculations. Mr. Jeffery so far forgot the duty of an editor in the feelings of a friend, as to mention his name in the same sentence with that of Bryant, and pronounced him to be an accurate scholar and profound philosopher. The *dictum* of so great and popular a critic could not be disputed, and Mr. Gell is now admitted to be the very paragon of fashionable literati.

But my observations have already extended to a length which nothing would excuse but the necessity of holding up the ephemera of poetry, criticism, and history to the scorn and indignation of a British public; nor shall I refrain from furnishing the Editor of the SCOURGE with occasional sketches of their characters, till my object has been in some degree compleated.

Q. Q.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EMERALD STAR.

(Concluded from page 321.)

THE wedded pleasures of a confirmed voluptuary can neither be lasting or founded upon a source of happiness—it is a passion that as soon as lighted expires, leaving the female victim to sterilize under the blights of neglect and cold requitals of affection. While he with a lingering look backward on the steams of profligate sensuality, whose sense is imbruted, and whose appetite by long perversion can only be stimulated by the glare of unblushing vice—loaths the fair form of virtue, who lures only with the spell of innocence and beckons to joys restrained by modesty. The nuptial torch was scarcely lighted ere it was loathed by Emerald Star, and the beacon of misery to his consort—he drew himself from her embraces almost immediately, nor waited the plea of decency or humanity; he avowed that he had only married to secure the payment of his debts, and he called upon the people to liquidate them as their part of the compact, and to increase his annual income, which they did.

Deaf to the cries of indignation, he rushed into dissipation, with a heart not merely tainted, but by long corruption moulded into sensuality—the people of the Green Isles had their journals, their monthly, weekly, and even daily journals, these were composed of two classes; the one the advocate of aristocratic tyranny, the apologist for princely profligacy, and ministerial corruption; conducted by men who were mere hirelings, the tools of oppression, the servile slaves of the libertine, whose bread they ate, whose countenance they courted—the other class was composed of men hating the broad front of vice, who dared be bold enough to tear away the mask and expose its poisons—who advocated the people's rights and liberties, who

stood up for the wholesome laws of the land and the purity and morality of the christian religion; who saw in the acts of the legislature the fetters of freedom, and who vigorously complained, who exposed corruption in all its stages, and forcibly and energetically pleading the cause of virtue, laid open to detection the vicious and their unprincipled aggressions—these honest journals were loud in reprobation, and their columns were daily filled with hideous tales of Emerald Star, which failed not in their effect upon the people, although productive of no change, or exciting any emotion in the bosom of their prince. How often have I broke out into the exclamation, “Oh, happy, happy Albion, blest in a prince the reverse of Emerald Star, who governs with mild sway, and draws you to your duties and his affection with the silken strings of pleasure : how enviable art thou compared with the people of the Green Isles, who are groaning under bondage, writhing under coercion, and witnessing daily the extravagance of their ruler, which must end in inevitable ruin !”

At the end of nine months the foreign princess whose hard fate it was to be the wife of Emerald Star, brought him a daughter; and the people ever ready, under any circumstances, to testify their loyalty and affection, assembled to congratulate the father and the sovereign on the occasion; but the storm was thickening over the head of the Princess Emeraldina, deep plans had been laid by the mistresses of her husband to bring about a separation, and he who delighted only in the embraces of * * * * was easily led to break the links of virtue and matrimony asunder that bound him to his bride. They separated—what cause was ascribed?—none; no one that could bear a moment's reflection, no one that could stifle the indignation of the people, which now became loudly manifest. What said Emerald Star, when pressed to a declaration of his motives, what?—*that their habits and inclinations were by no means mutual, that those inclinations were not to be controuled, and that neither party*

could be answerable to the other for their attachments! These were the reasons promulgated, and no others could be offered, for the plot against Emeraldina was not yet matured that was to affect her life and honour; traducers were not found in such plenty about her person to afford a reasonable hope of successful accusation, and that part of the business was deferred until a better opportunity occurred to favour the design. With an aching heart Emeraldina departed her husband's roof—she was tied to him by the bonds of wedlock; he was the father of her child—these were natural ties, which awakened attachment in her bosom, and the weight of her affliction sunk deep upon her heart; in a strange country, wedded in a family who were averse to her, with every look and action watched, scrutinized, and the most mischievous interpretations attending them, she felt herself a wretched prisoner, without one consoling friend, found herself in the situation of a culprit, without being aware of the nature of her transgression, or in what she had offended.

To repeat all the minor accusations against Emerald Star, would be to swell the narrative into excessive length; to enter into all the controversies which were agitated, in all of which he was involved, and from no one extricated with satisfaction or honor, would be to perform an office for which we should be ill requited—one bankrupt, a jeweller, laid his failure to him, and openly asserted that he was admitted to his confidence, and in the habit of granting to him temporary loans; another and another followed, charge upon charge multiplied, and the stability of the throne was shaken to the successor.

A long protracted war, which had weakened the resources and the internal strength of the Green Isles—which had consolidated the strength of the enemy, had given stability to their empire, and placed at their command funds collected from prostrate nations, which an imbecile system alone had bowed to ruin—this war, conceived in impotency, and executed with distrust and

wretched penury, which not only defeated its own object but impoverished the Isles, while it strengthened and enriched their foe, at length began to assume a more awful aspect, and to threaten the Isles themselves—armies were in motion, the shores of the enemy were menacing, and the people of the Isles with that irresistible patriotism, their distinguishing characteristic, thronged to the standard of defence, armed to protect their sovereign, their country, and their laws.

At this moment, when every heart was swelled with heroism, Emerald Star, the next in succession to the throne, called upon the sovereign to give him command—his appeal lives upon the records of the country, it was couched in strong energetic language, and urged some well founded arguments in favor of his claim; we should be withholding from him the meed of praise due to him as a man and a prince, did we detract from the resolute and pointed manner in which he came forward, or undervalue that noble spirit which appeared to burst forth upon the occasion and which was honorable to him—no, we have too much to condemn without the necessity of perversion, or viewing with jaundiced eye those traits of merit deserving encouragement;—his claim was denied: the reasons assigned were not sufficient in the opinions of the people, but it appeared that Emerald Star was not much in the military confidence of his august family.

The threats of the enemy proving ultimately to be but an empty gasconade, the proof of courage was neither afforded to Emerald Star, or his competitors for fame; his efforts to obtain military command, however, raised him somewhat in public estimation.

After this period his power progressively became more enlarged, in proportion as the infirmities of his father increased; and having spent the whole former part of his life in a round of careless extravagance, it was presumed that, sated with the enjoyments of libertinism, he would

reform, and that much happiness was in store for the people of the isles.

Alas, upon what a slender foundation is public opinion formed! upon what a slight and visionary fabric does a community generally rest its hopes! that man whom execration had followed for twenty years of his life, was now, by a sudden perversity of interested feeling, looked up to, to wield the sceptre of the nation with moderation, with justice and urbanity, *because*, forsooth, he had revelled in the sink of —————

He had put away his wife without assigning an honorable cause, and he was now denied the guardianship of his daughter, from motives which did honor to the head and heart of the infirm old king, who willed it.—Thus circumstanced, his dislike to Emeraldina increased—detraction was at work to injure her reputation—fiends in human form were weaving the damning tale that was to make against her, and Emerald Star listened to their calumnies with greedy ear; he inhaled their poisons, quaffed their malignancy, and by an eager credit, gave shape and form to their evil designs. With the consciousness of innocence she repelled the charges, and boldly challenged a public trial; she braved her accusers, and finally triumphed over her enemies, while every day dwindled the short-lived popularity of Emerald Star, until at length it yielded up its existence to disappointment and unceasing reproach. Unrestricted sovereignty became his, and freed from the trammels of dependence, he made appointments about his person of men of congenial habits, men of notorious ———, filled offices in the state, men mere creatures of ———.

Thus did Emerald Star commence and continue a reign which lasted until a complication of disorders choked up the free passages of life, and prematurely hurried him to the grave. He died at the age of ———, a mere structure of infirmity, with mind as strictly enfeebled as his bodily health—his virtues are not recorded, and of his evil doings the people of the Green Isles write them in sand that they may be no more remembered.

THE REVIEWER.—No. XX.

Education : a Comedy, in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, by T. Morton, Esq.
p. 76. Price 2s. 6d.

IN the present degenerate state of the drama, when sterling sense is being sacrificed to buffoonery, when authors aim to excel in whatever is ridiculous, or capable of the most gaudy exhibition, when actors build their hopes on favor and pre-eminence in the qualification of being an excellent mimic, or an extravagant burlesque, it is highly gratifying to us to be called to the exercise of our judgment on a drama founded on better rules, and somewhat approaching to legitimate comedy : the office but seldom falls to us, yet when it does we wish not to rank among the cynical or fastidious, but among those good-natured critics, who are willing to be pleased, not prone to frown with severity upon trifles, and nip with chilling censure the bud of promise. By the bye, we cannot characterize Mr. Morton as a bud of promise, but as a flower in full bloom, perhaps rather on the wane ; however, be this as it may, we have been pleased with his “ Education,” and are not inclined to perform our office like that epicure, who feeding voraciously at a feast found out with a sated appetite that the viands were bad.

Mr. Morton, though by no means entitled to consideration as a first-rate dramatist, may fairly claim to rate, if we except Mr. George Colman, first among the comedy authors of the day. His plots are always interesting, and keep expectation awake without either being intricate or very extravagant—his chief excellence is in the pathetic, and he sometimes aims a master-stroke at the heart ; his language, though far from vigorous or strong upon the whole, in parts gives token of an exuberance of feeling and a vivid fancy, but it is always flowing in

lity are by no means successfully delineated. Mr. Morton sacrifices too much to the depicture of prevailing foibles, of some notoriety of the day, which he exerts himself to ridicule; and connecting this too closely with the manner and the mode of his *dramatis personæ*, he deteriorates much from their value, and robs them of future existence upon the stage.

Trifling peculiarities are by no means constituents of originality; but when those peculiarities are rendered subservient to reigning events, or the portraiture of existing follies, which are, perhaps, only to be discovered in those ephemeral things, who are not worth the shaft of ridicule; and when they at the same time aim at the first consequence in the comedy, and its chief claims to excellence, we doubt the author's success, or that the ground he treads will bear him over beyond the existing times.

Mr. Morton is known to the town as the author of some very pleasing comedies, which kept possession of the stage so long as the foibles which they ridiculed reigned, and were obvious to the public; but when the ephemera of the season changed their coat, and carved out new follies and eccentricities in succession—now wore their hair combed flat upon the forehead, now combed high or bushed behind—now wore a coat without a skirt, or changed it for that of a mail-coachman; now affected the language and manners of a boxer, or aimed at the personation of the refuse of society—so long as the particular absurdity lived, so long lived the *Cure for the Heart-ache*, &c. &c. &c. and although they contained some sterling commodities, yet it was this dross that dragged them down.

In the instance before us, "*Education*," Mr. Morton has constituted too much of his character from these ephemeral materials, which after the popularity of a season or two, will consign it to the shelves; but we are bound to acknowledge that there is less of this species of dross in the play before us than accompanies any of his for-purity and neatness. His characters aiming at origina-

mer productions ; and we are happy to pronounce it more legitimate in its plan, more classical in its execution than any thing we have been in the habit of seeing of late years, and that it is fully deserving that distinguished approbation which it nightly receives.

The plot claims more novelty in execution than construction, and depends materially upon the delineation of character. Mr. Templeton, a worthy old merchant, connected with a London firm, has married a second wife, an amiable woman, who, tinctured with a love of extravagance, and her head disordered by the effects of a modern education, pursues a fashionable career of expenditure, until she precipitates a fond husband into absolute ruin—in this, however, she is materially assisted by Vincent Templeton, a son by a former marriage, a being fully as thoughtless as herself, but represented as an amiable man, whose errors flow from unrestrained youth, rather than premeditation: to repair the ruined fortunes of the family, a match is proposed between young Templeton and Ellen, the daughter of a fox-hunting baronet, Sir Guy Staunch, who assents on behalf of the girl; but this young lady, entertaining an attachment for her cousin, a sapient glutton, Boniface Suckling, a student in the art of cookery, the scheme is frustrated, they elope, are overtaken, and finally receive the sanction of the baronet to their union. In the progress of this business, it appears that young Templeton has prevailed upon a young lady, Rosine, to elope with him from a seminary where she was governess, under the sanction of a solemn assurance that he would obtain the consent of his parents to their union. Rosine is placed by him in the house of an honest farmer, prejudiced against Frenchmen, until such time that the consent is obtained ; and here an opportunity is taken to allude to the recent affair of the Princess of Wales, and that guilt is not to be argued because circumstances are singular. Templeton, in a moment of intoxication, makes dishonorable proposals to her at the instigation of Aspic, a satirical libeller—she flies from his protection, and is re-

ceived into the house of Sir Guy Staunch, through the medium and interest of Ellen.

A Count Villars is now introduced, who had formerly resided in England, and who has been recently shipwrecked in a voyage from the continent: he is led in by George, the son of Broadcast the farmer, and is described as faint and weary—the prejudices of Broadcast against Frenchmen are rather overstrained. Count Villars is refused admission to the cottage, which forms a part of his wife's inheritance—he is the father of Rosine, he eloped with her mother, the daughter of Mr. Cleveland, a personage whom we never see, but whose death we hear of in the course of representation; this gentleman disinherits his daughter, and leaves the whole of his property to Mr. Templeton.

The chief interest of the comedy now begins, a meeting takes place between Villars and Rosine, an affecting accidental interview—Villars suspects her, but in the innocence of her deportment is convinced of her honor. Old Templeton, in the embarrassed state of his affairs receives notice of the death of Cleveland, and is summoned to make known the disposition of the old man's property. The will is discovered, leaving the whole of his effects to Templeton; but there is a paper attached to it, an informal paper, revoking his bequest—pardoning his daughter, and leaving to her child Rosine Villars the whole of his possession.—This paper falls into the hands of Templeton when alone—the embarrassment of his affairs, the disappointment which threatens to involve him and his family in irretrievable ruin, offer a temptation, which his fortitude and virtue are scarcely capable of resisting—he thrusts the paper into his bosom—he starts at his own shadow in the consciousness of guilty intentions; but he finally triumphs over the foul thought, and yields the paper and the property to the heiress. In the mean time Damper, an old partner in the firm, who had retired, throws himself into the concern to save it from bankruptcy, and rescue his friend from ruin—the

piece concludes with the union of young Templeton with Rosine, and Boniface Suckling with Ellen Staunch. In painting the pathetic, Mr. Morton evidently excels; his comic exertions are more labored and less happy—the following scene, which we have selected as a specimen of style, will also afford an adequate idea of the interest of “Education.”

Act Fifth. Scene the Second.—A stone room unfurnished, except with a chair and bench. VILLARS discovered, he rises.

Count Vill. Why should I longer struggle with my fate? Cleveland's death dooms me to wretchedness;—my lost, unhappy child dooms me to dishonor—well, soon or late, the common friend of misery will call me to his cold embrace, and then, my sainted wife—yes, then we meet again—in that hope my soul reposes; and he whose vile philosophy shuts from the human breast the christian's hope, inflicts a curse on man more heavy than ever tyrant could impose (*a harp plays without, Rosine sings.*)

Ah ! vous dira je maman,
Ce que causè mon torment
Depuis que j'ai vue Silvandre,
Me regardant d'un œil tandre,
Mon cœur dit a chaque instant,
Peut on vivre sans amant.

Hark ! ah, that well known strain; hush, my heart, still those tumultuous throbs! (*Rosine sings again.*) Those words—that voice—it is—it is my child ! Rosine, thy father calls ! (*A female shriek is heard.*) She hears me, oh, give her to my arms; stained, lost as she is, let me but hold her to my heart ; I'll bless—forgive—(*The door is unlocked.*) *Enter Rosine, who rushes into his arms.*

My child.

Ros. My father !

Count Vill. Stand off, and let me gaze on the image of thy mother ! Oh where in that form can guilt find an habitation ? Swear that thou art innocent, in mercy deceive me, and let me die in the blest delusion.

Ros. By my mother's revered name !——

Count Vill. Ah ! her name has roused me to the call of injured honor—yes, degenerate girl, I will speak of her. In prison she was my deliverer ; in sickness my solace ; in battle my preserver ; wounded and confounded with the dead and dying, her eager eye sought and found me. The plunderers came to rifle and destroy, the deadly tube was levelled at my life, her faithful bosom was my shield and received the fatal wound. Oh what a moment ! I called on death to join us ; she expiring cried—" we have a child—live ! a father's hope shall sustain you."

Ros. My mother ! oh, my mother ! (*clasps her hands, and looks up in fixed emotion.*)

Count Vill. Yes, Rosine, it did sustain me. What made light the chain of slavery that corroded the bone of this soldier's arm ?—a father's hope ! When famine convulsed my frame, what gave impulse to the stream of life ?—a father's hope ! When the waves overwhelmed me, what made me with gigantic strength grapple the naked rock ?—a father's hope ? Nought, nought could bow me down with shame and sorrow but an ingrate daughter ; nought break this heart but the deadly woundings of a child's dishonor !

Ros. Oh hear me ; in justice I demand ; in merey I implore.

Count Vill. Why cling to me ?—what would'st thou of a wretched beggar ?—what have I to bestow ?—yes, a father's curse ! (*going to kneel, he raises his hand to heaven.*)

Ros. (*seizing it*) It will not be recorded—the sainted spirit of my mother, that knows my innocence, will shield me from a father's malediction.

Count Vill. Innocence ; say on.

Ros. Oh were I the guilty thing my tongue disdains to name, could I meet the dreadful vengeance of your eye, should I not grovel on the earth, and with these hands dig out a grave to hide my guilty head ? could I, my father, stand thus erect, proudly demanding the strictest scrutiny of man—challenging if I lie the avenging bolt of heaven.

Count Vill. It is the voice of truth—it is the confidence of purity—it is the consummation of a father's hope—I must, I will believe thee. (*Rushes into her arms.*)

Some few passages and situations remind us forcibly of Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, but not sufficiently so to accuse the author of plagiarism. Old Templeton, by comparison, would be found but the shadow of old Dornton; perhaps that of Vincent Templeton more nearly resembles that of the son. Damper is very well drawn, neither overstrained nor underdelineated; it is a good picture of civic integrity, mercantile honesty and bluntness, with a tolerable portion of intellectual strength, and an honest distaste for extravagance and folly.

Aspic, a satirical libeller, is his weakest effort, considering it as an attempt to introduce a new character to the stage, and which, we must presume, had occupied as much of his attention, or perhaps more, than any other of his *dramatis personæ*.

It is the mere outline of a character sketched upon the canvas, and deserving a master's hand to finish: we should have exulted in seeing it filled to the life; we know the reptiles who worm themselves into society, who feed upon calumny which they disgorge through mediums that are readily open to them, who fasten their venomous claws upon character, and with neither knowledge of the person or truth to distort, weave their inveterate tale of malice, which originated only in their own distempered heart, and send it forth with savage exultation to the world. We know there are men, who, shut out from even common intercourse, excluded from respectable association, spit forth their venom at every object above them, and who in the plenitude of malignant disappointment they hate. These are proper objects of castigation; to lash, with severity, such as these, is worthy of a brilliant pen; and we should have applauded the efforts of Mr. Morton, if they had been more effective, more energetic.

We are aware it will be said, such opinions from you?—yes, we will answer, such opinions from us! we, who rank as satirists! but, who scorn the infamy of pandarizing to the depraved appetite of the idol of Scandal, who shrink, as from the torpedo's touch, from the impu-

tation of slaughtering private character, and blacking public, distorting facts, and fabricating lies!—No, our aim is at the venal, at vice and folly, to correct the one, and restrict the other; to detect imposture, which is every day invading the territory of merit, and superseding it; to expose the wrinkled front of guilt in its deformity, and to beckon virtue, in its homeliness, to look upon the fiend with eyes of scorn.

In our walk through the haunts of infamy, we are led by honest feeling; we sometimes discover vice in form so hideous, in corruption so confirmed and hellish—masking itself with an exterior so fascinating, so insidious, and prepossessing, that hurried into the warmth of remark, fretted into the strongest expression of indignation and abhorrence, we overstep the boundaries of moderation, and in the heat of our tone, probably weaken the force of our prescription—weaken it—because the busy world, alive only to the commerce of the day, who have not time or opportunity, or inclination, or who are environed by chearful countenances, and the delicate gaiety of innocence and sincerity, judge not of others but by their own standard; and who doubt the vigor of vice because unconscious of its subtlety or its many wiles.

But let us presume a family, if the harmony of its own fire-side is undisturbed, and because seeming security hangs over it—it cannot contemplate with any strength of reasoning the shallows and quicksands into which virtue *may* be tempted, because it *never* has been tempted—let us direct its attention to the fate of some one or other of its friends, or in its neighbourhood; and let us ask, is all around harmony and peace? has not vice, that fell destroyer of human repose, dropt its ruin somewhere within its knowledge, and blistered the soil with unwholesome dews—rooted out the hilarity of social comfort, and planted gloom in the deploring breast?—knows it no grey-bearded father disconsolate in the ruin of a child—no husband whose children are orphaned by a faithless mother, a wretched female who was incapable of resisting the subtle seducer?

Let the disbeliever examine the circle of which he forms himself the centre, and enquire whether the very malignity of vicious inclination has not somewhere dropt its pulse, and sown all the miseries that can storm the sensitive or the virtuous breast.

In this cause we arm, and if the force of satire can raise one drooping head from ruin, point out the mildewed plague which hangs over the unsuspecting flock, we will exert it—we will uphold the mirror ‘of the times,’ and shew ‘vice her own form and pressure,’ nor be deterred in poisoning the lance of reprobation, by invidious attacks upon our truth or justice: we may be told, as a further detraction from the honesty of our efforts, that we are not ‘armed in the panoply of conscious rectitude; that we the censors are not wholly undeserving of censure, and that we cannot uphold ourselves as models worthy of imitation;’ the accusation excites a smile while we admit its truth; we are far from exempt from frailty—perfection is not given to man, nor do we presume on our approach to it; but this sort of crimination must militate against the assailer, for will he conscientiously censure the censor, and say,—“I who cast the stone am perfection’s self, free from error, untarnished by the breath of guilt, therefore can I hold myself up, in the consciousness of superior virtue a pattern for imitation, and the just castigator of vice.” It may be difficult to purge the gangrene from out of one’s own soul; but if it corrode not to the suffering, the ruin of others, it is not worthy of severe reprobation; nor shall it be allowed with justice as a sufficient reason for relaxing in our efforts in exposing the profligacy of the times, and guarding the unwary against its malevolence—but to return to the *dramatis personæ*. Boniface Suckling, an attempt at the broad comic, is a character not perfectly consonant with the rules of comedy; but with one’s faculties about one to see a mere buffoon, a gourmand, who seems to have a relish for nothing but good living, the object of an interesting female’s admiration, the well educated and accomplished daughter of a baronet, is so

outraging every principle of propriety or probability, that we can hardly find compensation for the fault. Sir Guy Stauch is the mere revival of a fox-hunting squire, long since extinct, and by no means suited to the scene in which he is destined to act. Farmer Broadcast is a very natural character, drawn with all those prejudices which are to be found in the breasts of farmers of the old school, who are by no means upon the decline, although it has long been the fashion to declare so. The other parts, as they claim no higher consideration than that of merely contributing to the interest of the scene, and possessing no peculiar characteristic, may be permitted their pursuit without suffering by detraction.

We before observed the comedy of Mr. Morton was deserving much praise, and we repeat it—our observations have been directed against errors, far from principal, and as they were delivered with good nature, we trust they will be so received.

QUACKERY AT COURT.

SIR,

AMONG the various subjects to which in the progress of your satirical labours you have devoted your talents and attention, the prevalence of medical quackery appears to have excited your most frequent and severest animadversion; nor is it without considerable pleasure that I am able to bear my personal testimony to the justice and utility of those strictures, which though too frequently unfelt by the hardened and profligate pretenders whose practices they elucidate, have contributed in no inconsiderable degree to undeceive the impatient and the ignorant, to guard the public against impositions that would otherwise have been attended with decided and immediate success, and to diffuse, in a striking and intelligible form, the most efficacious means for the detection of empiricism.

But the appellation of quackery, though at one time peculiarly applied to the irregular professors of the medical art, has lately been employed to designate the dishonorable competitors in any description of business, or in any particular pursuit. The legal quack, and the literary quack, are as easily distinguished from the regular members of their profession, as an advertising empiric from a fellow of the College of Physicians. It is not easy to mistake a Cobbett for a Roscoe, a Wilson for a Pasley, or a Scott for Milton. It is only in the middle ranks of life, however, that the epithet appears to obtain a universal application. No one seems disposed to apply it to the throne, the senate, or the bench; and it is on its peculiar adaptation to many of the most exalted ornaments of the court, the legislature, and the bar, that I now beg leave, though with a due attention to the laws of decency, and the character of the present attorney-general, that I now crave your permission to expatiate.

When an individual of respectable connections, of liberal education, and expanded mind, is raised by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances aided by his own talents to the first judicial office that it is in the power of his sovereign to bestow; when with a finesse that would command our admiration, were not every other sentiment absorbed in detestation of his hypocrisy, he assumes for a series of years the language and demeanour of good sense, good humor, and liberality; when his advancement has been owing in no inconsiderable degree to the favorable opinion entertained by his patrons of his moderation and personal independence; and when after attaining the summit of his wishes, he suddenly throws aside the mask by which his depravities have been concealed, and steps forth to view in all the deformity of selfishness, cruelty and violence; you will probably be disposed to think that the appellation of quack is too light and trivial for such a character. But when you view his conduct and temper in all their varieties of appearance; when you trace him through the early part of his political career, and compare his former

declarations in favor of the freedom of the press and the liberty of the subject, while such professions were necessary; when you are convinced, after repeated examination, that to original badness of temper, he superadds an appearance of irritation that he does not feel, and conceals a deliberate antipathy to the cause and the language of independence, beneath the external indications of momentary passion; you will, I doubt not, admit that he combines the meanness of the quack with the ferocity of the tyrant!

An individual of unusual talent, but without friends, and without character, obtains by his reputation for eloquence, an extensive circle of friends and a seat in the House of Commons. His parliamentary privilege saves him from the otherwise inevitable consequences of his early indiscretion, and fertile in resources he pursues a long career of dissipation and extravagance at the expence of his deluded creditors. Yet while he thus reduces to ruin and distress many worthy and virtuous families, he commences his political career by the arraignment of a faithful and able servant of the public for cruelty and oppression! Without any principle, or any object but the gratification of his passions, he is for a series of years alternately the dread of democracy and the idol of the multitude; at one time the object of envy and admiration to his senatorial rivals, and at another the servile buffoon of electioneering rabbles. At length his bacchanalian exploits and his wit introduce him to the notice and the patronage of the heir apparent. He drinks and games with a readiness of fellow feeling, that is quite delightful; and until the functions of government devolve on his princely friend, he repays, by soothing the creditors of royalty, and by long and brilliant speeches on the necessity of extending his patron's establishment, the marks of favor and of hospitality by which he is honored. When the event above alluded to takes place, and his royal friend deceives the hopes of his dependants, pursues a line of policy directly opposite to that which he had formerly professed, and retains

in office the ministers of his father; the servile instrument of the follies of his master, still displays his obsequiousness and dependance in the very apartment to which the Castlereaghs have access, while the Grenvilles and the Hollands are excluded.—The same versatility of talent and facility of temper are conspicuous in his dramatic speculations; and through the double medium of his political connections and his oratorical excellence, he obtains from the wreck of a concern, that promised at one time to involve in ruin all the rest of the managers, proprietors, and subscribers, a handsome provision for declining age. Let us rejoice that genius, however perverted, or exertion, however misapplied, is relieved in the winter of life, from the pressure of temptation and distress; but let not the honors of the gentleman and the patriot, be granted to an individual who has been distinguished through a long career by shameless and successful quackery; whose very virtues partake of the character of empiricism, and who is only great, or generous, or candid at the call of interest.

When the various individuals of whom the cabinet of a great nation is compose, after distinguishing themselves by the ardor of pretended zeal for an injured and afflicted female, decline, on their accession to office, all countenance to her representations, and all participation in the statement of her wrongs, because it may possibly be unpleasant to the personage from whom their emoluments are derived; when without the courage to support the cause of justice, they have the duplicity to profess a determined belief in the innocence of the female whom they have deserted, and endeavour by paltry evasions to reconcile their treason towards injured virtue, with their ambition and their avarice, under what appellation can they be so properly classed, as under that of shameless and contemptible quacks? It is scarcely necessary to speak of the other characteristics of our heaven-born ministry; but to profess much and do nothing, to abound with professions of candor and liberality, while they persevere in the most unrelenting

persecution against the freedom of religious belief and of political discussion; to talk in rounded periods of the regeneration of Europe and the deliverance of the continent, would excite our laughter at the empirical fatuity of the cabinet, were we not doomed to feel, and to confess in bitterness of spirit, the effects of their selfish, unmanly, and oppressive policy.

Pre-eminence over all the other examples of political empiricism, however, that have lately attracted the notice of the public, must be granted to the weeping C——. The professors of medical quackery are satisfied with converting the tears of Gum Benjamin or myrrh, into powders, at a shilling each: the *tears* of Lord E * * * are more precious to himself and more costly to the nation. He *cried* himself into power, and by weeping secured its continuance. He has lately bedewed his handkerchief to the tune of 15,000*l.* a year for a favorite dependent, and if his lachrymal exertions continue for any length of time to be equally productive, the nation may join his lordship in unaffected sympathy, and return for every tear a heartfelt groan.

P. P.

A TRUE PORTRAIT
OF A
SUPERANNUATED CLERICAL MISER.

Taken from the Life.

“ Qui capit, ille facit.”

Thro' various climes, by various fortunes cast,—
To read the “ living volume,” as I pass'd ;
To study nature,—still has been my plan,
And glean experience—from the ways of man !
Tho' strange indeed has been the checquer'd page,—
Of youth the follies,—and the * frauds of age,

* This Reverend “ *Avaro*” is now under a prosecution by one of the public departments, for a long continued series of “ frauds” upon the revenue !

Which met my view,—where ever doom'd to roam,
The “ rarest nondescript” I find—at home !
“ A true unique ;”—where blend extremes so odd,—
You'd deem “ th' eccentric ”—if the work of God,—
Form'd from *his* shreds of nature's various sects ;
“ A motley patchwork of their worst defects !”

Near sev'nteen lustres, from his useless birth,
This curious “ biped ”—has encumber'd earth ;
In which his journal,—(if you pause to read,)
Is undistinguish'd by one generous deed !—
Tho' for convenience, or from lucre's lust,
Among the “ priesthood's sacred order ” thrust ;
From dread of “ powder's odious smell ” releas'd,
The *green* cadet became a *black-guard* priest ;
And oft of virtue has been heard to prate ;—
“ *Example* never gave his *precepts* weight !”
“ *A learned Greek* ”—fame says,—and who so sees,
Will own,—“ in truth, he has been much in Greece ;” (*grease !*
Which so encrusts him,—that—till roast or fried,—
His *grease* and he will never more divide !
Nor should our contest with the maxim jar,
“ When Greek meets Greek,—then comes the tug of war ;”
But,—that such tug would claim advance, too near,
And much—“ one species of his strength ” I fear ;
Which, as he moves, *two* loathing senses shocks,—
“ *A swine*, in semblance ;—and—in scent, a *fox* ;”—
While decency retires, where-e'er he's seen,—
“ And shuns his gestures, and his garb obscene !”

Tho' store of wealth to *him* blind fortune carves,
The miser hoards it, and 'mid plenty starves ;—
And—could you view his meals,—his lonely board
You'd doubt,—with *food*, or *dirt*—more amply stor'd :
Yet, as so *queer* a genius may become,
He *washes* down both food and dirt with *rum* ;
Claiming in this alone a *doubtful merit*,
The reputation of a “ *man of spirit* !”

Perverse, and testy,—selfish, treacherous, rude,—
He sleeps in enmity, and wakes to feud ;—

Still from his word, and promise a defaulter,
 More ways than *one*,—for ever in “*hot water* ;”
 He plays the tyrant,—where he finds a slave ;
 And raves, and storms,—“ with one foot in the grave !”
 But when resisted with a manly front,
 Shrinks, trembles, flees,—as bullies still are wont,
 And loudly calls,—due chastisement to ward,
 “ For his male—*Concubine, and body-guard ;”
 A sneaking, pilfering, lying, bestial elf ;
 And—only less a nuisance than himself !—

Cold, and unsocial,—his career thro’ life,
 Has known nor friend, nor confidant, nor wife !
 A *Miso-gune*,—tho’ lecherous as a goat,—
 He flies the contact of a petticoat ;
 To female love—himself an antidote !
 Childless, and friendless,—poor ’mid countless store,
 And bending under fourscore years and four,
 Still for *this* world,—its cares, and wealth perplex’d ;
 Unbelieving, or unthinking of the next ;
 On he proceeds,—while earth, and heav’n condemn,—
 As if he hoped to match “ *Methusalem* ;”
 Resolv’d—consistent to the end to plod,—
 “ His chest, his altar ;—and his gold, his God !”

Oh ! could his eyes this sketch, tho’ faint, peruse ;
 Nor conscience to admit it’s truth refuse ;
 Some hope might spring, “ that, such a spectre foul
 “ Might shock ; and—to reflection rouse his soul ;
 “ That such reflection to reform might tend,
 “ And prove,—‘ it never is too late to mend :’
 “ Prove too,—‘ that miracles—(as Rome allows,)
 “ Cease not,—since satire could reclaim a ‘ *H—W—S ! ! !* ’ ”

L.

* Avaro, under an affected panic for his personal safety,—engaged one of the filthiest vagabonds, and greatest ruffians of his parish,—to “par-take of his bed !”—*Simile simili, gaudet ! Noscitur a socio,*

POLITICAL CREEDS,

Translated from the Latin of Le Clerc, and adapted to the present Times.

THE CREED OF A PATRIOT.

1. I BELIEVE, that all public men, and more particularly all ministers of state, are rogues and scoundrels; that as soon as any individual becomes the servant or dependent of his sovereign, he loses every particle of virtue and understanding; that the devil resides in the bag of the first Secretary of state, in the pocket of the first Lord of the Treasury, and in the purse of a Chancellor; and that from each of these places he suggests all the measures pursued by each of these persons respectively.

2. I believe, that all ministers of state for the time being are fools; that as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has the labour and the odium of raising the supplies, he is naturally the most profuse of the public money; that as the Secretaries of state have the greatest interest and the best opportunities to obtain intelligence, they are utterly destitute of common information; that all these four persons are the only four persons in England, who are incapable of executing these offices with honor to themselves, and advantage to the public; and that as their reputation as ministers, and their happiness as Englishmen, must depend on their pursuing to the best of their judgment the wisest and most efficacious measures, they always determine on the worst possible line of policy and action.

3. That all ministers of state should be deprived of every emolument of office, that is not absolutely necessary to support the individual during the exercise of his ministerial functions; that they should not be at liberty to receive any advantage from that government, which they laboriously and faithfully serve; but that having passed through all the regular stages of public office *without*

dismissal, they should be finally *permitted* to resign without any provision, and left to furnish materials for a picture of Belisarius in civil and political life.

4. I believe, that on the dismissal of all ministers of state they become intelligent, informed, honest patriots, entitled to crown grants upon the post-office, to a snug per centage on the projected improvements in Mary-le-bone, and to the possession of sinecure offices to the amount of thirty thousand pounds a year; that having been found in office, utterly destitute of understanding, activity, and temper, they are the most proper persons to be forced again into the highest posts of government; and that the necessity of this intrusion is exactly in proportion to the incapacity or profligacy of the objects, and the resistance of the crown.

5. I do firmly and solemnly believe in the moderation, the wisdom, and the modesty of Sir Francis Burdett; in the learning, the dignity, and the eloquence of Alderman Wood; in the immaculate honesty, and deep and philosophic capacity of Mr. Quin, alias Mr. Stanly; and in the urbanity, humanity, and all the other amities (except vanity and insanity) of Mr. Robert Waithman.

6. I do also firmly believe that till the above mentioned statesmen, orators, and heroes, be admitted to the councils of the Regent, and called upon to conduct the external policy, and direct the internal regulations of this kingdom, it will be vain for the English people to expect either happiness or freedom. But if it have been decreed by providence, that I should not live to witness so desirable a consummation, I do declare it as my firm and unalterable opinion, that next to these celebrated men, the confidence of the country is due to those eminent persons, whose conduct while in power was diametrically opposite to all their preceding declarations and professions: who increased the very taxes against which they had formerly argued in all the exuberance of eloquence: who by their timid and uncertain

conduct betrayed the cause of Russia and of Europe; and who avow an ardent zeal for public economy, while they are not ashamed to enjoy in sinecures and pensions the amount of two hundred valuable annuities: in short, that the persons who have ruined our finances, by the excessive and unexpected advance on the income tax, who would have established a system of domestic excise, whose legal coadjutor signalized his accession to the seals by an immediate violation of the freedom of the press, and who extended corruption under every form and in every direction, are the fittest individuals to support our reputation, to conquer our enemies, relieve our grievances, protect our liberties, prosecute with sincerity the great cause of reform, and defend our country.

May, 1813.

(Signed)

JOHN BULL.

THE COURTIER'S CREED.

1. I believe that the ministers of state for the time being are honest and virtuous; that the evil spirit of ambition never inspires either the Secretary of State, the first Lord of the Treasury or the Chancellor; that in all their actions they are influenced solely by a desire to contribute to the public good; and that on all occasions, and in every instance, they pursue the best and wisest measures, to secure and extend the national happiness, safety, and prosperity; that as the Chancellor of the Exchequer endures the odium and the labor of raising the supplies, he always manages the public money with frugality, and never gives extravagant contracts to members of parliament or their connections. That as the secretaries of state have the greatest interest and the best opportunities of obtaining intelligence, they are always well informed of the measures that will be pursued by foreign nations. 2. That the individuals now in power, are the only persons in England who are capable of executing their official duties with honor to themselves, or advantage to the public; and that as their reputation as mi-

nisters, and happiness as Englishmen should depend on the merit and success of their measures, all their designs and undertakings have been conceived and fulfilled with wisdom, promptitude, and vigor.

3. I believe that the ministers of state, besides the exorbitant emoluments of office, and the influence attending it, which are fully sufficient for all its comforts and necessities, should provide sinecure places and pensions for their wives, their sons, and their brothers; that they should be at liberty to make every possible advantage of their situations whether they fill them faithfully and laboriously or not; but that having sacrificed their friends and their principles for the purpose of corrupting parliament, and offending all who disapprove their conduct, they shall at last be permitted to resign with honor, and retire to enjoy the fruits of their patriotic and meritorious labours.

4. I believe in the wisdom, prudence, humanity, ability, utility, ability, versatility, and all the other ilities (except humility) of Lord Castlereagh, the planner of the Walcheren expedition, the prosecutor of Finnerty, the antagonist of Canning, and the scourge of Ireland; in the splendid talents of George Rose; in the immaculate purity and pre-eminent talent of the Duke of York; in the profundity and sagacity of Mr. Vansittart; and in the collective virtue, firmness, energy, and penetration of the existing ministry.

5. I believe that the persons who to demonstrate their genius for foreign warfare, transported ten thousand of our countrymen to perish amidst the pestilential marshes of Walcheren; the persecutors of innocence, and the instruments of subservience to a court; who, by their feebleness and irresolution have sacrificed the cause of Spain; and have lost the respect and attachment of the Continent; who obtain advantageous loans, by the most flagrant violations of good faith; who talk when they should be acting; and pursue the daily and monthly press with exemplary vengeance, when they

should be devoting the resources of the country to the discomfiture and destruction of the enemy; who first provoke hostilities, and *after* they are commenced, withdraw the cause of discord and offence, and beneath whose government the British flag has sustained indelible disgrace—I *believe that these are the men* to whom the powers and resources of the nation may most safely be entrusted, to whose skill we must confide the prosecution of the war, and from whose exertions we must look forward to a speedy, a secure, and an honorable peace. Amen.

THE LOSS OF THE PEACOCK, SLOOP OF WAR.

ALTHOUGH we have not hitherto admitted strictures upon military or naval casualties, as a feature of our work; yet where these are the effect of men and measures, we think them no less deserving of scrutiny than the conduct of a prince, or the profligacy of a lord; and perhaps well-founded remarks may be fully as useful on subjects of the first importance to the country; to these then we are led by the recent loss of the Peacock, sloop of war, not captured, but sunk by an enemy of trifling superiority of force, no blame attachable to the captain, or the crew, for they fought their ship with all the ardor of British seamen! They expired upon her deck, while the waves were still swelling over her scuttled hull, still working their guns in their last agonies! still pouring their broadside upon the foe, while verging upon eternity; while the fearful ocean was gushing into the hold through the apertures in her ribs. If the uselessly spent blood of valuable men can claim the tribute of a sigh, a tear, then has this gallant crew deserved it from the hearts of their countrymen; and if imbecility of home measures contributed to their discomfiture, to their annihilation, then

must their blood be held up to the naval administration of the country, and be made to plead aloud for the better security of the English bulwarks in future.

Since this country has acquired its naval superiority, and even in its acquirement, we know of no instance in its history similar to the one before us, no one event so calculated to lower the tone of our flag, to stimulate the hopes of the enemy into confidence, and to lay the foundation for a rival maritime power: it is not the immediate effects that can prove dangerous; it is not the loss of a ship to the service, but it is in the gratification the Americans will derive from the event, and the consequences which will naturally arise out of it—will they not improve their maritime means, will they not, inspired by the prospect of a good result, direct their resources to the equipment of a navy, those resources which otherwise would have been divided towards a variety of objects of lesser importance, lesser, because successful rivalry being despaired of it would have been deemed useless expenditure? The great increase of their shipping and in the infancy of the government, are objects claiming consideration, which may now probably be temporarily dispensed with. This unhappy event connected with the innumerable captures the Americans have made since the commencement of the present hostility, is calculated at once to draw the confidence of that people to their marine power, to render the prospect of peace more remote, and when obtained less secure. Let us ask then, since we know the effect, what were the disadvantages under which the Peacock labored in her action with the Hornet?—did she labor under any, with the exception of that trifling inferiority of force, which we should have presumed had been amply compensated by the superior skill and steadiness of her men?—if she did, were they those of casualty, and did they arise from neglect on the part of our maritime board at home?—we fear to the latter cause are we to ascribe her loss, and that of those brave men, who were an honor and an ornament to their

country; we fear so, because we are not apprized of any accident, no one circumstance militating against her confident hopes of victory; and we find her captain and her crew with heroism almost unexampled, fought her until overwhelming ocean buried them from the face of day and life. If the vessel was not well supplied, if her timbers were not sound, these were matters peculiarly in the department of the Admiralty-board; and how shall they answer to their country for the neglect? what restitution can they make for this degradation in our naval annals occasioned by their mismanagement or incapacity? We repeat, this loss will be ultimately productive of serious mischief to the nation, a mischief which cannot be averted, but by a vigorous prosecution of the maritime war against America and the annihilation of her navy.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN AUTHOR, HUMBL
INSCRIBED TO MR. ———.

EVERY literary pretender, stocked with a moderate portion of vanity, is loud in reprobation of the neglect of merit; in a state of tattered indigence, not remembering the *true* cause which led to it, he exclaims vehemently against the obscurity through which he is obliged to wade, and declares that his genius is obscured by the blights of neglect, the frowns of poverty and the bitter pangs of disappointment; that there is *no* reward of merit, that it may toil its days in the unceasing pursuit, cultivation, and dispersion of knowledge, and for all this what shall be the grateful return of the public so enlightened, but an obdurate crust visiting him in the dark gloom of a garret, and moistened by a jug of water? Cold and uncharitable meed! and given with as ill a grace.

Mr. D'Israeli in his *Calamities of Authors*, furnishes us with many an unhappy story; but Mr. D'Israeli has

forgotten to furnish us with specimens of sufficient merit in the neglected, to justify protection, or to satisfy us that where merit is established, misconduct has not been the source of the indigence complained of.

It is hardly a question why the public should extend its munificent arm in patronizing the efforts of him, who, incapable of composition, becomes an excrescence of the press, and who, from indolent habits, cannot be prevailed upon to resort to more certain and more honorable means of existence—it can hardly be expected that such should be the case; and if it was, who but would have a right to complain of the misplaced bounty which, filling our streets with an assumed walking gentry; our private tables with empirical critics, affecting all the gravity of erudition; our theatres with clamorous censors; deprive our counters of good shopmen, our manufactories of tolerable labourers, and our army and navy of good soldiers and sailors? At present this is too seriously the case, to the prejudice of the social links connecting society—then, again, can the public be expected to raise him who, by the profligate misuse of its bounty, is sunk to the lowest depths of penury, who, after revelling in all the enervating luxuries of the day, sinks with the loss of mental nerve into the lap of indigence, with a constitution worn, and a wit decayed.

To these causes must be chiefly ascribed the vicissitudes which are presumed to attend the pursuits of literature, and there are very few exceptions to them: men of talent, who neglect themselves, must not expect better usage at the hands of others; and men, destitute of talent, who cannot live by their avocation, let them leave it, and find a more ready existence in a mercantile country, in pursuits, where the exercise of a tolerable judgment, and the expedient of manual labour, would ensure to them a more certain and steady livelihood.

To illustrate the former part of our position, let us stretch upon the canvass the brief portrait of a man of genius, for a time known to the public, and who received

its patronage to the utmost extent of his merits, whose society was courted, whose productions were readily purchased, but who hurried away into all the follies, all the vices of a sensualist, and who, finally reduced by such large draughts upon his constitution and his intellect, drew along his remaining years a load to himself, a burthen to his friends, and a nuisance to the public; nay, in the early part of his career, so great was the indulgence shewn to the efforts of his pen, that prejudice went in favour of his works, from a knowledge of former merit, and a deteriorating genius was liberally upheld until the spark was flown, and all was barren.

This individual instance is not solitary in the present age, this age of literature, when industry is almost mistaken for talent, and the feeblest efforts of the Muse are respected: critics may be severe, but the public, the great judge, is but little guided by their opinions: it judges for itself, and receives with kindness all that is offered at its shrine. Let it be no longer said then that the votaries of literature are suffered to pine in the sterilizing frost of favour, for to other causes must their indigence be ascribed; protection is liberally afforded, and at this moment *hundreds* of mere pretenders, associating with brighter objects, are crowding round the press, and drawing a liberal subsistence from it—idleness alone being excluded from a participation.

The name of the subject of the following memoir, is suppressed out of considerations of respect to his family, and pity for his errors; the portrait will be immediately recognized by those who knew any thing of him, however slight, and to those who knew him not we may be enabled to furnish a useful lesson, without lighting a torch upon his shrine, and bidding those unhappy traits of character to entwine about his name which in charity should be suffered to sleep in his tomb.

William Henry ——— was the son of a respectable man, residing in a popular street in the vicinity of Temple Bar, possessing some personal property, principally

acquired by the exercise of very creditable talents: he brought up his family in rather a superior station of life, and endowed them with a liberal and elegant education. William, at a very early age, discovered a brilliant genius, which however maturing while his time was devoted to scholastic studies, appeared to have flown, and while gaining vigor in his mind, and extending its influence over every nerve of faculty, militated much against his classical acquirements, and imparted to him all the semblance of stupidity and dulness.

Educated at Soho his boyhood was marked with eccentricity, with peculiar wildness, and peculiar slow acquirement of his book; stigmatized as a dunce, neither reward or punishment could propel him out of that lagging pace which is set down as the characteristic of incapacity; but the fact is otherwise: could he have read Homer without the penalty of long and plodding learning, his bosom would have glowed with his beauties, and caught his poetic fire; could he have understood Virgil in his native garb with the same facility as the translation of Dryden, he would have spurned the translator, and feasted on the classic lines of that immortal poet; but as these bright luminaries of literature were only to be read and known by long and painful study, they were disregarded by him, and their pages were received like medicinal draughts, salutary, but not pleasing.

At the age of sixteen his studies were abandoned; he left school with a slight knowledge of Latin, less of Greek, a tolerable proficiency in the French, and an extensive one of some of the early English poets, whom he had studied by stealth; of Shakespeare, he knew every line; Spencer, he could amply quote; but the fabricated poems of Rowley, and the fate of the unfortunate Chatterton, made a romantic impression on his heart, which inflamed his fancy, disturbed his dreams, and led him to the wildest projects: he would dwell upon the death of that unhappy youth with fervor, and applaud the resolution which led him to terminate existence,

rather than stoop to the degradation of talent, to yield to the cold neglect which suffered him to languish on the bed of wretchedness, and to endure the frown of poverty; at sixteen, he would contend in argument for Chatterton, that haughty youth who, blessed with superior abilities, suffered them to be choaked by weeds of pride, and who welcomed death rather than moderate a tone of spirit bringing with it all the misfortunes he endured. He early cultivated these visions of a fevered mind, and in the ardour of his extravagance, would almost determine to follow the example of his idol. "Alas, Chatterton," would he exclaim, "how nobly didst thou avenge thyself on a cruel world; thou left it to mourn thy loss, to venerate thy talent, and to deplore its own unfeeling and sordid apathy, which could suffer such a beauteous plant, to wither in the heart of the metropolis of England, could suffer it to droop unheeded beneath the storms of adversity, while it was capable of enriching the stores of poesy, and enlarging the human mind." At the age of eighteen he turned his thoughts seriously to composition, but so unrestrained was his genius, so vigorous his fancy, and altogether so uncultivated his style, notwithstanding his application to the poets, that his offers to the periodical publications of the day were rejected, and he began almost to despair of success in his favourite pursuit.

A circumstance, however, soon occurred which revealed the capaciousness of his mind, unveiled those vast intellectual resources, which, properly directed, would have ranked him high in the literary annals of his country, and immortalized his name. Attached to old books, the collection of which at this period of his life, was at the highest zenith, he scribbled upon an old leaf a few lines in imitation of a celebrated bard, and so exactly in the hand-writing, that it was immediately received as a relic, without any attempt at imposture upon the part of the writer, and its sublimity was so warmly expatiated on by a reverend gentleman, high in the critical estimation

of the country, that he was fearful of confessing himself the author, but exhilarated in self-opinion, he secretly indulged the hope of gratifying his literary propensity, and being able to found a fame by ushering that to the world as from the pen of —, which, under his own name would be liable to neglect. It was not his intention, so he averred, and the writer has some reason to believe the assertion, that the imposture, if not detected, should ultimately remain undiscovered; he wished it to pass current to answer certain views of vanity and emolument, and when they were gratified it was then his intention to confess the whole a fabrication of his own. Expert in imitating hand-writing, and well versed in a variety of hands necessary to give plausibility to the manuscripts of persons who were cotemporaneous with the bard to be forged on, he took chambers in the Temple, and commenced his—but it is a harsh name, well—his fraud. **ONE** person only was acquainted with the progress of the fabrication, and contributed his mite in its aid—that was but trifling. By degrees he brought forward his manuscripts, and with a plausible tale of how he became possessed of them, he introduced them to his father and his friends; they were received with admiration, with rapture—all doubts, soon as raised, were dissipated as to their authenticity by the too eagerly credulous.

After undergoing the ordeal of strict enquiry, part of them was at length ushered into the world in a splendid form, and the first fruits of this ingenious fraud were *four thousand pounds* in the pocket of the young adventurer, who, out of all bounds of triumph and joy, and a mind guided neither by principle nor prudence, rushed into the vortex of dissipation, squandering away his time and money until the one was become almost useless, and the other nearly expended. There were other parts of the manuscripts had been promised, and the public was eagerly looking for their appearance; no apology could be offered satisfactorily accounting for their absence. Thus, to prevent exposure, which now became

ruinous, he was urged to the necessity of confining himself day and night for a period to their fabrication, and in his hurry neglecting several essentials, preservative of the secret, rushing into anachronisms which he had not time to detect, the whole business became unravelled to the discomfiture of his hopes, and the ruin of his name. Critics rose with the smile of satisfaction, and congratulated themselves and the public on their penetration which led to the discovery of the imposition, and claimed new honors, new confidence in their strictures. Shallow-brained fools! they detected that which could not have escaped the commonest observation. One prosing idiot from the north ushered a ponderous volume to the world on the subject, larded with the Lord knows what, for no one read it, and upon him was conferred the enviable distinction of KNIGHT of the LEADEN MACE!

Why, let it be asked, were they not upon the alert in the infancy of the transaction?—how was it that in the plenitude of their profound researches they suffered a four guinea volume, with fac similes of hand-writing, to appear before the public, and let it pass as genuine; the manuscripts lay before them, subject to their inquiry, and the same means of scrutiny afforded as attended them ultimately: feeble Gothamites, they discovered a speck on the sun when it was clearly visible; that darkness was obscure; and that such and such, could not be, *because it could not be!*

The fact was, that in the multiplicity of papers, which the fabricator thought proper to produce, to give a better color to his design—such as letters, bonds, receipts, &c. supposed to be part of the contents of an old chest, there was one of a man, of whose hand-writing no sight could be obtained; and it was believed that no document was in existence with his name attached to it, thus a hand was fabricated; but unfortunately a gentleman in the law holding an old deed of gift of this person, and discovering that a letter of his was among the manuscripts, brought forward his deed, and by comparison with the letter it

was found totally dissimilar, so much so that for a moment all appeared to be detected; but the subject of our memoir, with a promptness that would have done honor to the first-rate talents employed in a better pursuit, immediately acknowledged the difference, and observed that he had a receipt by him in the same hand as the deed; that the letter produced was written by a son of the same christian name, and to prove his assertion he would immediately bring forward the receipt in question. Quitting the room, after attentively examining the paper he retired to his study, and actually in a few minutes produced a receipt, which he had manufactured in the interim, so correspondent in every line with the deed, that they were immediately pronounced the productions of the same person, and thus, for the moment, the papers received an additional weight of authenticity; but this triumph was but temporary, for the same want of caution in other similar particulars led to inevitable detection, and the poor author was thrust out of society, thrown upon the world with an odium attached to his name, and a suspicion upon his pen; frowned at by those feeble witlings, who could not aspire to half his genius, and who were in his disk as satellites to the sun. He now commenced a new literary career, seldom making use of his name, but always successful in every effort; he became connected with an evening print, the popularity of which he materially contributed to raise, and in relaxations from his pen eked out a comfortable, nay more than comfortable existence by the illustration of works which were the fashion of the day.

He connected himself with a female whom he passed for his wife, and if his conduct had been distinguished by manly honor towards her, or had he possessed one domestic trait, he might have been reserved from that obloquy in which his name perished, he might still have surmounted public disapprobation of his former conduct; but intoxicated with sensual pleasures, and too confident in the resources of his pen, he hurried himself

into embarrassments, which drove him out of a home, and threw his unfortunate companion to seek existence by prostitution.

We cannot follow this wretched female through all her vicissitudes, or dwell upon the terrible close of a career of misery and of cyprianism; we cannot lean over her wretched pallet, and paint all the agonies of a dying sufferer, a diseased victim of lust writhing beneath all the tortures of body and mind: but let us speak of him, who could have saved her from such an end, and who by profligacy hastened her to it; and here we could dwell with all the fire of resentment, the vigor of censure.

The heart that is not strongly fortified against the seduction of indolence to dishonor, is soon precipitated into guilt, and like the weak female who can sit to hear proposals for her virtue—if she once patiently listens she is lost, so he who can mentally apologize for dishonesty, and who learns subtilly to deceive himself into crime, falls with a rapidity into the abyss of guilt, from which nothing can rescue him: it was the case with the subject of our memoirs, herding with men devoted to pleasure and of a selfish disposition, consulting at all times his own gratification rather than the consequences to others, with neither money or means of payment, out of regular employment, obtaining only a casual subsistence from his pen, hating the confinement necessary to application and study, he launched out upon a false credit into expensive lodgings, a style of living and of dress, at once extravagant and dissipated, and not to be supported even by the dint of perseverance to his literary pursuits.

Completely upon the town, in the class of those men who have no visible means, and who are reduced to arts bordering on the fraudulent, to obtain the coming meal his mental nerve gradually became more relaxed and incapable of energy; each new production of his pen as it came more slowly, so it was more puerile, partaking less and less of the genius which characterized the commencement of his literary career. His name as an

author was now sunk far below mediocrity, and at length the press was closed against his labours.

About this time he formed a new connection with the Hon. Mrs. ———, the wife of a captain in the navy, the brother of a peer a profligate woman, who abandoned by former paramours, continued infidelity, and the most shameless prostitution, threw herself into the path of our entangled author, and lured him into new scenes of em-
arrassment; now he no longer courted an honest or a fair name, his frauds before were legal, but they assumed a fouler form, advancing by progressive stages to criminality; detection followed, and to save himself from ignominy he suddenly quitted the metropolis; quitted it a degraded outcast, meriting the scorn of those who were willing to esteem him, who had long been willing to stretch forth a hand to reclaim him, and draw him back to honorable society, but whose efforts had been ineffectual; who viewed with the most painful concern this infatuated young man, scarcely in his twenty-fourth year, forfeiting his privileges as a citizen, until his conduct compelled them to close their doors and hearts against him for ever.

Let us, with an eye brimmed with a tear of sorrow for human infirmity condole with those who were his friends, and heave a sigh of pity for the man who could thus imbrute his reason, and miserably pervert the dispensation of talents, which in an honorable use would have proved an ornament to his country. In different parts of the kingdom, under assumed names, he struggled for several years—his companion adhered to him, because, implicated in some transactions, the effects of which were not worn away, London afforded her no safe asylum—she had a daughter by her husband—a beautiful girl, but nurtured in the lap of infamy, familiarised to systematic vice, and but little in love with the practice of virtue, she gave herself up to ruin like the mother, and even under the eye of that abandoned parent. She became with child by the subject of our memoirs, and this event produced a separation between him and the mother, who

sought another protector, and whose place was supplied in her old haunts of prostitution, by HER OWN CHILD!!! Enough, enough; let us turn away from this dreadful picture of human turpitude—we have illustrated our position, and in this instance proved that the *talents* of the man were never neglected by the public, it was his vices—they imbruted his reason, enfeebled his intellectual vigor, and rendered him rather an object of detestation than commiseration.

What further became of him we know not—we set out with the presumption of his decease; but we have been informed that he was very recently discharged a prisoner from York gaol, and that he is now a wanderer, subsisting heaven knows how—if he lives (his age is but 34) may this sketch meet his eye and operate to his conversion: so shall the pages of the SCOURGE have rescued one from the sink of infamy, restored one to the socialities of honorable life!

ON THE PREVALENCE OF VANITY.

“Two men (says La Motte) disputing one day upon their genealogy, each of them pretended to be better than the other, ‘You cannot,’ says one, ‘compare yourself to me, who am of ten thousand times a better house than you.’—‘You!’ said the other, ‘had your father, like mine, the first post of the city?’—‘The first post of the city,’ replied the first, ‘was the governor;’—‘No,’ answered he, ‘Then was he judge?’—‘No, nor yet that.’ ‘What was he then?’ continued the first; ‘gate-keeper,’ replied the second; ‘Is not that the first post of the city?’—‘Yes,’ said the other; ‘but mine preceded the first men of the province; he went before the dukes and peers, and before the marshals of France.’—‘In virtue of what office?’—‘In virtue of his post;’—‘Of what post?’ ‘He was a postillion,’ replied the other. ‘If my father had taken care, we should have been rich, but he was a

fool.'—'I grant that to be true,' said the other, 'and I see clearly that his office is hereditary.'—'My father prevented that,' added the son of the postillion, 'for before he became postillion, he was a man of letters.'—'What call you a man of letters?' replied the son of the gate-keeper; 'was he judge, advocate, or counsellor?'—'None of all those,' said the other; 'he was runner to the post-office. Call you not that a man of letters?'—'True,' said the gate-keeper; 'but that does not prove the antiquity of your family; whereas I can trace mine further back than five hundred years.'—'And mine,' replied the other, 'more than eight hundred.'—'That's nothing,' replied the gate-keeper; 'I can prove my family to have existed before the deluge;'—'And I mine from Adam,' said the postillion.—'And mine before Adam,' said the gate-keeper.—'You are in the right,' replied the other, 'the proof is very easy; for before Adam there were no animals but brutes, and it is very certain that you are descended from them.' "

Such is a hasty but accurate sketch by an author possessing no mean powers of observation, of that frivolous and petty vanity by which the people of France were at one time exclusively distinguished. But the times are changed, and England rivals her eternal enemy in all the fopperies of indolence, unmeaning pride, and ostentatious beggary. To be numbered among the gay, the wealthy, and the notorious, to be regarded as a man of fashionable manners and connections, and to obtain the honor of *funky* to some upstart of nobility, are the objects to which the possessors of moderate and independent fortunes, sacrifice every domestic comfort and every internal consolation; while the commercial multitude, in their love of splendour, and of dress, pursue, at the hazard of temporal ruin, the paths of their superiors, and imagine that to imitate their extravagance, is to rival their gaiety and their elegance.

Let us cast our eyes upon a few individuals within the circle of our immediate observation, and examine by

what motive some friend or relative is excited to become dependent on the tools of power. It is not because he wants an estate to secure the honor and independence of his family : he is able to command every domestic comfort, and can appear in his county with the state and the splendour of a German sovereign ; but he is not satisfied : he must obtain a place at court, not with a view to serve his country by his abilities, or to gratify a generous desire of applying his power to the purposes of benevolence ; but that he may appear as a gaudy and insignificant figure in a drawing-room, and be numbered with the *non-entities* of ostensible government. For the gratification of vanity he exchanges liberty for slavery, exhausts the patrimony of his family, and sells the honor and freedom of his posterity for a place at a birth-day solemnity, and precedence at a fête.

In the circles of high life, however, foppery, frivolity and extravagance, might still remain without injury to the public, and without determining the character of the age. But vanity has infected all ranks of people ; their schemes of life are not to be really happy, free from want, poverty and oppression ; but how to mingle with the superior and the wealthier classes, and to support a gay and splendid appearance, utterly inconsistent with their station and their fortune.

If men of fortune and family alone, would degrade themselves from men to monkeys ; if none but such as could support the expence would become fops and jockies, vanity might be tolerated in such a state as this, without much injury to the body of the people ; but the truth is, that there is no place so grave, so sacred or so obscure, as to have excluded the approaches of vanity ; nor is it impossible or uncommon to see a clergyman in all the foppery of dissipation, and a loungeur in the habit of a monk. We are out-elbowed on every side, by dashing taylor and driving apothecaries ; and on Sundays and holidays, a member of the four-in-hand club may meet a journeyman shoemaker in all the *natty* exuberance.

of whippish costume. Vanity has put all ranks of people into masquerade: dress and equipage no longer distinguish the ancient and noble families of the kingdom; but every class and rank of society is confounded with the multitude, who assume the manners and affect the garb of our first nobility.

The spirit of vanity diffuses itself throughout all the actions and offices of life: appearances are all our aim; we eat and drink, and go to church, from the mere impulse of vanity: our tables instead of groaning with substantial food, are better calculated to please the eye, than to gratify the palate: our friendships and private connections are founded on vanity: our discoveries, our improvements in arts and sciences, our poetical excellence and our critical taste, are the offspring or accompaniments of vanity; our public amusements consist of sound and show; and in our private circles the piano and the harp, usurp the place of rational conversation and social intercourse.

In every description of public amusement, unless the *rouls* and *at homes* be included under that name, all distinctions of rank, birth and merit, are lost in the vortex of promiscuous vanity. Lace, embroidery, silks and gauzes put all on a footing, and level the duchess with the retailer of dowlas. It is this that flatters the vanity of the city dame; it is this that induces her to squander the fortune of her husband, in that extravagance of dress, that elevates her in her own fancy, and in public assemblies to equality with a countess. For this the mechanic shakes hands with poverty; and to procure a few moments of theatrical respect, the young apprentice is no sooner out of his time, than he becomes a first rate buck, commits a forgery to defray the expences of his new profession, and terminates his life at the gallows, for the extatic pleasure of lounging for a few weeks in the Park, or crying cock-a-doodle at the dramatic exhibitions of Mr. Coates.

The moralists, who have lamented the degeneracy of the present times, have ascribed all our vices and misfor-

tunes to the number of our public assemblies and exhibitions. But a rational enquiry into the springs of action, will convince us that it is not the reigning diversions that debauch the morals of the people: music and lamps have no absolute tendency to make a man a villain, and might be resorted to by the purest innocence. Nor is the taste for this kind of entertainment so predominant as to induce the people to crowd them for their own sake. The vulgar, who compose the majority at all public assemblies, are comparatively regardless of the performances, respecting which they understand but little; but to be in the fashion, to shew their dresses, and to enjoy the pleasure of being for a time as great and as conspicuous as their superiors.—Were all, who now make up the crowd at our public diversions, obliged to appear out of masquerade, that is, in dresses suited to their circumstances, and with the badges of their occupations and professions exposed to view, gardens, theatres, and other public places, would be as gloomy and as solitary as our churches. Their love for music, their taste for plays, and their attachments to lectures and experiments, would totally cease, when they no longer administered to ostentatious vanity.

The effects of extravagance in dress, and of that vanity which impels us to seem superior to our stations and circumstances, is but too visible in its consequences on the wealth and happiness of the body of the people; but it might be expected from the possessors of rank and fortune, that they would endeavour, in proportion as they are debarred from pre-eminence in external appearance, to distinguish themselves by the proudest attribute of nobility—pre-eminence in virtue.

What a shock would be communicated to the bosom of a woman of quality, were it possible by some magic power, even in the most splendid and voluptuous of our public entertainments, to unmask the company, and display them to her view, in the garb, the manners, and occupations of the day! What a medley would be ex-

hibited of countesses and dress-makers, maids of honor and chamber-maids, lords and livery servants, generals and bailiffs, clergymen and gamblers, confounded together in one undistinguished group, like the picture of the Last Judgment! Such associations have been witnessed at the Opera, and at private concerts; and the promiscuous intercourse of the English theatres requires no comment.

L. L.

BRITISH HEROISM.

SIR,

As your pages appear not to be solely devoted to censure, but that of equally holding up the meritorious to praise, with the infamous to execration, allow me, through your medium, to record the following facts of the conduct of a British officer in the Peninsula towards a soldier deserving as many honors from his countrymen as a Don Cossack, or any other man thrust forward to public notice as an object of admiration or applause. I regret that I am not at liberty to name the officer, being bound to this by a pledge of honor; I know not for what purpose exacted, for I cannot conceive the private reasons such a man can entertain for shrinking from publicity, whose conduct ought to be generally spoken of as a means of exciting to his example those commanders who hold the lives and happiness of their soldiers almost in their own keeping.

In a late campaign in the Peninsula, and in the retreat of the British forces, the enemy succeeded in bringing them to an action, which was sustained under an embarrassing inferiority of numbers by our intrepid countrymen, with all their characteristic ardor and good conduct: so great was the zeal of that day, that under all the disadvantages of ground, artillery, and effective numbers,

they maintained their post, repulsed the assailants, and drove them from the field of battle. The military orders, during a retreat, are very strict against the men who shall leave their posts, or straggle from the camp; but after this conflict a private of the — dragoons, tempted by the hope of booty, straggled from his quarters to the gory field, and dazzled by a pair of rich epaulettes, proceeded to separate them from the shoulders of a presumed to be deceased French officer, when the fellow almost immediately discovered that the spark of life was not extinct, although pale, cold, and insensible, and with several ghastly wounds about him, from which the blood had ceased to flow—this fellow, with a native English heart and feeling, conceived that that was probable which was not impossible, and was animated by the hope of rescuing from the jaws of death a fallen enemy, and restoring to existence a human being whom, in the fierceness of warfare, it was his duty to destroy—without molesting the epaulettes, he placed the dying officer on his shoulders, and conveyed him to the nearest wine-house, where, in the absence of immediate medical aid he washed and dressed his wounds in the best manner he was capable of, and by using restoratives was overjoyed to behold the great work of resuscitation operating on the body.

After a short time the officer was sufficiently recovered to feebly shake the hand of his generous enemy, and perceiving the humbleness of his rank, to offer him the contents of a purse he had about him, but this the soldier resolutely refused; the officer then gave him his sword, surrendering himself as his prisoner, and the dragoon returned to the camp, where he was arrested for disobeying orders. He made known to his captain all the particulars of the preceding relation, who sent to the officer, and his account was confirmed. He was tried by a court martial for neglect of duty, and as military law could admit of no palliation or plea for disobedience of orders,

he was found guilty; but his sentence was mitigated to that of twelve hours' imprisonment.

The Frenchman turned out to be a general officer of some distinction; the wounds he had received were all flesh, and he rapidly recovered; but so great was his weakness that he was allowed to return to France upon his parole: it was now he applied to the commanding officer of the regiment in which the dragoon served who had saved him—to permit that brave fellow to accompany him—not as a servant but a *friend*! he owed him, he observed, a debt of gratitude which he never could satisfactorily repay—the colonel of the regiment was inflexible to his intreaties, although a large sum was offered for him, and the captain of the troop in which he served, under the sanction of the colonel's determination, declared that it would be with real grief he should ever part with a man who in the exercise of such humanity proved himself an ornament to the profession of a soldier, and an honor to creation.

The French general with real tears of gratitude, then begged permission of the captain to give him a very considerable sum of money—"No, Sir," replied the captain, with animation—"the brave fellow whose courage I have had repeated opportunities of ascertaining, has now performed a noble duty without the expectation of reward—from you, Sir, I cannot permit him to accept of any thing, but I have determined that my purse shall supply to him what you have so generously offered, and, Sir, all I have to request of you upon his behalf is, that whenever a countryman of his shall be exposed to the same imminent peril, you will remember his good offices, and stretch forth like him an arm to save." "God be with you," replied the Frenchman, "and if ever I forget that duty which he has taught me, may God forget me!"

By giving insertion to the above you will particularly oblige,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

VERITAS.

PRIVATE THEATRES.

“Hear me, for my cause.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE existence of those nurseries of vice, the private theatres, has loudly been condemned by the moralist, and as sincerely lamented by that part of the community who truly judge of effects from their causes, and properly estimate consequences from their source. But these, Sir, will never be attended with the wished-for success, till those whose immediate business it is to correct “the manners living as they rise,” fulfil their sacred trust. In vain will the moralist declaim, in vain will the heads of families lament this too prevalent custom, so long as *magistrates* remain supine in their situations, and wantonly, or wilfully, view with indifference the amusements of the rising generation.

It might, indeed, have been expected, that those *pretended* paragons of virtue, the members of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, would have made this a grand subject of investigation. The existence of the places alluded to is too notorious to have escaped those Argus-eyed censors of the present day. With triumph have they often dragged the poor Sunday *retailers of a farthing cake* before a magistrate, and caused them to be fined, perhaps, ten times the value of their whole stock; while these *wholesale dealers in infamy*,—by whom youth are corrupted, manhood is debilitated, vice enforced, and virtue undermined, by every means that art can accomplish, or fraud devise,—have been suffered to escape unnoticed, and to pursue their nefarious practices with unmolested impunity. Nay, so refined were these gentlemen’s ideas at one period, that it was absolutely in contemplation to punish that useful class of society, whose very existence depends on their being permitted, on the

Sunday, to mow "the weekly beards from the chins of the ungodly!"

To account for such inconsistency of conduct is utterly impossible. If the members of that society ever entertained any serious intentions of reforming the times, would they have permitted their career to be stopped by a pigmy gingerbread-stall; and have passed, with indifference, the many edifices alluded to, wherein vice is so forcibly and insidiously disseminated? Would they not, rather, as fathers of families and good members of society, have first begun with the suppression of these hot-beds of immorality, where crimes of every denomination are nurtured into existence, and have left those of a minor consideration to follow of course? The conclusion to be drawn is too palpable to need further comment. Who then but would indignantly exclaim, in the language of our immortal bard, against the abandoned characters that are thus permitted to delude unthinking youth,—

"O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash such rascals naked through the world,
Even from east to west!"

But, Sir, from the *magistrates*, and from them only, have we a *right* to demand a suppression of this destructive and widely-extending evil. Let them but look at the calendar exhibited every session, and then lay their hands on their hearts, and say, "Much as this is to be regretted, *we* have done *our* duty; *we* have left no means untried within *our* power of checking the profligacy of the age." Would to heaven this were the case! How many masters might then have been spared their anxiety, produced merely by apprentices or servants having been seized by the epidemic mania of "strutting their hour on the stage," whose property has been pilfered to defray the expence of making their *debut* in a suitable costume? How many parents, "whose grey hairs have descended with sorrow to the grave," might now have

contemplated the opening charms of their beloved offspring, whose virtue, having been stretched on the "tenter-hooks of temptation;" and who having become victims to the gay Lotharios of the scene, have prematurely terminated their existence, a prey to disease and to want? In short, when it is known that various sums of money—from seven even to *twenty* shillings—are exacted for the use of a dress, during the evening, by those human sharks who cater for the banquet; and when it is recollected, that many of these *sock* and *buskin* heroes move in very humble situations, can it be matter of wonder if it should prove, on enquiry, that the sums thus expended are frequently acquired by dishonesty, or obtained by fraud?

To enumerate the "variety of wretchedness" that has been occasioned within my own observation by such pursuits would be to extend this essay far beyond its limits. Suffice it to say, that many, too many have I known, whose weak minds became so intoxicated with the infatuating scenes around them, and the vulgar applause derived from their puny exertions, that they have soon become giddy with the contemplation of future greatness; and, hurried along by the tide of popular commendation, have never once been aware of their danger, till overwhelmed in the vortex of destruction.

If those to whom the power of redressing such grievances were but to issue their fiat, and see that their orders were properly executed, the proprietors of these theatres, who absolutely exist on the wages of infamy, would quickly bend beneath their authority. We should then soon have to congratulate the public on the removal of one of the most destructive and pernicious nuisances that was ever permitted to exist in civil society. Why this was not done many years ago is not easily to be accounted for. I will not for a moment suppose, that the magistrates themselves derive any advantage from their continuance. Far be the thought from me. But when I am told, and that by authority which cannot be controverted, that the magisterial office was first created "for

the punishment of evil doers, and the praise of them that do well ;” are they not highly culpable, at a time when there is but a step between reform and ruin, to permit the *continuance* of so glaring an evil, and that in the very vicinity of places appointed for the discharge of their functions? Perhaps their avocations may be accounted for in the language of inspiration—“one goes to his farm, and another to his merchandize.” Be this as it may, it should be remembered,—and I hope the impression will sink deep on their minds,—THAT NEGLIGENCE, IN MANY CASES, IS NO WAY SHORT OF CRIMINALITY!

Thus, Sir, have I superficially, only, glanced at some of the baneful effects produced by the existence of *private theatres*. Many more might be added; but enough has been said, it is presumed, to awaken the vigilance of those whose province it is more immediately to correct abuses: and that such a circumstance may take place, is no doubt the wish of many, but of none more ardently than,

Mr. Editor,

Your constant reader,

BENEDICT.

HINTS TO THE REV. MR. TODD.

MR. EDITOR,

UNDERSTANDING that the Rev. Mr. Todd is about commencing for the press a new edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, with numerous additions and illustrations, permit me, through the channel of your extensive vehicle, to call to that gentleman's recollection a circumstance which, I am inclined to think, has escaped his notice; I mean, that within the last fifty years, the period when our great lexicographer first favoured the world with his luminous performance, the acceptation of many words has been considerably changed, particularly in a *political* point of view; and, consequently, the explana-

tions of them, as they have long stood in the original, will not convey the proper meaning to the general mass of readers of the present day. And as those who have long appreciated the abilities of this gentleman, very justly consider the present undertaking as one which will in no wise lessen his literary fame, I am the more anxious to excite his attention to the subject.

An example or two, perhaps, will be deemed of more force than any arguments I could adduce. And as it would too much clog your pages to give both readings, I shall therefore content myself with adding the new one proposed, and that in the familiar and general acceptance of the present times, without paying any attention to alphabetical arrangement.

Consistency, a weather-cock attached to no point.

Toleration, a kind of strait-waistcoat on the actions, leaving the mind to think as it pleases.

Constitution, a building founded by Alfred, but so disfigured by locusts, that the original design is lost.

Power, an engine of destruction, and what first stamped the name of slave on man.

Fame, an idol, at whose altar reason and truth are sacrificed.

Glory, a chimera, or phantom, which heroes are ever in pursuit of.

Fortitude, a cardinal virtue, rendering the possessor capable of bearing enormous taxes cheerfully.

Integrity, a useless article in a nation of shop-keepers—to be found, perhaps, in the wilds of America.

Reform, a Gorgon or talismanic power, dreaded by corruptionists.

Modesty, the handmaid of merit, and, like her, consigned to oblivion.

Sincerity, a qualification of the mind much too cumbrous for a courtier.

Temperance, a cardinal virtue, best illustrated in the manners of the R * * * * t.

Debauchery, a science patronized by princes and nobles, and fostered at courts.

Adultery, a trifling amusement of the great.

Murder, a heinous crime, unless committed by wholesale.*

Slavery, a benevolent institution, founded on the principles of christianity.

Commissioners, patent screws.

Placemen, political maggots, that wallow in the dunghill of their own corruptions.

Contractors, voracious animals, that swarm like locusts, devouring the corn and herbage.

Conscience, a kind of baby-house bugaboo, made use of to frighten children.

Fortune, a blind maniac, indiscriminately dispensing her favours to the fool and knave.

Bankrupts, men authorized by act of parliament openly to ruin many, and secretly to make themselves.

Commander in Chief, an animal that walks on two legs, and has no command of itself.

Liberty, an ancient privilege of Britons, but now solely confined to the mind.

Invasion, a ministerial hoax, successfully employed on John Bull for the purpose of invading his pocket.

Majority, the greater number with the lesser conscience.

Newspaper, a circulating medium for falsehood and scurrility.

Prudence, a cardinal virtue, and consists in improving your fortune at the expence of those who confide in you.

Ignorance, an exclusive property of the presuming, and the kernel of arrogance.

Generosity, giving a sprat to obtain a mackarel.

Society, a heterogeneous or higgledy-piggledy jumble of all that is incongruous in nature.

Thus much have I thought necessary for the illustration of my observation. Many words of equal force might be given: but as our church divines have long declared

* This acceptation has been admirably elucidated by a late pious and learned prelate, which we recommend particularly to the reverend Editor's notice, in his amplification of the meaning of this word:

"..... One murder makes a villain:
Millions a hero!....."

See Bp. Porteus's Poem on Death.

themselves friends to *brevity*, and as the Reverend Editor, no doubt, is an abettor of the practice, that rule shall not any longer be infringed upon in the present instance by

Yours, &c.

OLD NOLI.

A CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN MOTTOS,
Choicely culled to adorn the Brows of the Great. With
Notes explanatory. By Terræ Filius, Jun.

PREFATORY ADDRESS.—I would fain begin with stating “*Arma virumque cano*,” were it not that the *arms* of the Latin versifier were of a different nature to the *arms* which my mottos are calculated to adorn; wherefore I must *blazon* my address to the readers of the SCOURGE in a different way, striving for *dominion* in this elaborate study, though without much *pretension*, and unwilling to make *concession* in any one point, since the *community* of my Golden Mottos bears the inherent stamp of *truth*. As to *patronage*, I look to the public at large but as one *family* whose *alliance* I claim, and through whose means I look for assistance in my arduous undertaking, when I may be prompted to subjoin a few more *assumptive arms* by way of enlarging my collection.

Having thus commenced my *escutcheon* or address, I beg leave to state that I have recourse to no *tincture* of malice, *charges* ungrounded, or fallacious *ornaments*; my *shield* is the representative of nothing but veracity, as I would not submit to purchase *Or*, or *Argent*, through the medium of calumny; and though by the world esteemed no spirit of *azure*, yet would I not debase my *gules* by the *vert* of envy, and contaminate the violet *purpure* of innocence with the baleful venom of *sable*.

With regard to my ebullitions as a poet they certainly bear the *escutcheon* of *pretence*, nor can any *bar* of *bastardy* exclude my *hereditary right* to those honors which are due to me as the unpoliuted parent of an offspring

purely mine own. I certainly grant that *Guillim* has not enrolled me, nor does *Garter King at Arms*, the *Windsor Herald Norroy*, or *Rouge Dragon*, know any thing about me; nevertheless I know them, and that is quite sufficient to answer my purpose; for let them say what they will there is not one false *quartering* throughout my *blazonry*, and though with all due deference I nevertheless must say I would to heaven that I could avouch just as much for them, and their elaborate researches into pedigrees, and all the intricate mazes of heraldic rhodomontade.

Now with respect to myself I am a great friend to perspicuity in all matters, and therefore think that too much research into many things were better left alone; for instance, suppose I trace my descent in an uninterrupted line from the landing of the Norman conqueror, it is not sufficient for me to halt there: do what I will I must revert back, *a priori*, which makes me the descendant of *Adam*, and he was *a gardener*; being therefore convinced of the fallacy of all such proceedings, I deem it much more consonant with reason and common sense to consult, not the *vague pedigree*, but the *living man*: for the virtues of a father cannot ensure a spotless progeny, nor the depravity of a parent seal the disgrace of his offspring. If Tom the rogue had a most conscientious and honest father, no man will trust Tom as being the representative of such a parent: in short, the world judges of men as they are, and not through the medium of their ancestors: such therefore has been my criterion throughout the mottos with which I shall hereafter furnish the SCOURGE; for after all,

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God:”

and as to the boast of sublunary titles,

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

JUVENAL.

MOTTO I.

"*Thus.*"—LORD ST. VINCENT.

THIS word laconic still contains,
A world of meaning; and explains
A Sailor's brevity, who leads
No life of words; but daring deeds.

The Hero never makes a fuss
About his feats, but says 'tis *Thus*; †
And if by facts call'd to explain,
He says 'tis *Thus* and *Thus* again.

Ask French and Dutch, nay Spaniards too,
Each will my Motto brief construe;
For there's not one but can explain
'Tis always *Thus* upon the main.

Nor e'er will Albion's children find
While guarded *Thus* by gallant mind
A check to their puissant will
Thus making *Thus* remains *Thus* ‡ still.

MOTTO II.

"*Strike.*"—LORD H * * KE.

WITH four in hand *strike strike* away;
Come touch me up yon leader bay,
There was a time, a blow was struck;
Which thou wilt ne'er achieve, my buck,

† It is absolutely impossible to misconstrue this simple word, being equally significant as the *Veni vidi Vici* of Cæsar, and we may well say of some individuals with *Horace*, without being subject to the taint of flattery, that

Fortes creantur fortibus—

—*nec imbellum feroces*

Progenerant Aquilæ columbam.

‡ The repetition of this little monosyllable, however contrary to the rules of composition, which are diametrically opposite to every thing like tautology, will not it is conceived prove dissonant to a British ear, notwithstanding the great *Napoleon* would fain see it expunged from our *Naval Vocabulary*.

When cannons were the whips to crash,
 And ev'ry bullet was a lash;
 When thy progenitor in hand
 Made *sev'nty-fours* * obey command;
 Forc'd by his dreadful iron pike,
 His thund'ring voice cried out—*strike, strike.*

In lieu of such a brave career
 Oh! what a falling off is here!
 If now you strike, 'tis but to quail
Four harness'd horses in a mail,
 Or if to fame you would approach
Outrival driver of stage-coach ;†
 Then thus exalted talk *slap-bang,*
 In nothing else, but cant and slang;
 And on the box at ev'ry inn
 Toss off a glass of British gin,
 While loosely round your *throttle's* tied
 Your *yellow wiper‡* in *belcher* pride.

Such vast achievements you may prize;
 But if I might some words advise

* We have innumerable instances of the extraordinary valour of naval commanders: witness off *Toulon*, when under *Matthews*, *Lestock* and *Rowley*, the Captain of the *Berwick* performed the most extraordinary feats of valour as well as in the attack and defeat of the French, off *Belleisle*; but in order that we may not dwell too long upon particulars, let us quote the character of such a naval commander. "He was," says my author, "one of the greatest characters" "that ever adorned the British Navy; but most of all" "remarkable for the daring courage, which induced him" "on many occasions, to disregard those forms of conducting" "or sustaining an attack, which the rules and ceremonies" "of service had before considered as indispensable."

† Too much cannot be said, in commemoration of the renowned instituters and members of the *Whip Club* of black-guard and break-neck notoriety; however, that one fact may not be wanting to rank them pre-eminent among the votaries of folly, the reader should be given to understand, that they absolutely have voted 300l. per annum to an old broken down mail coachman, whose business it is to instruct the members of this community in the cant and slang of the road; how to drink a glass of gin in the most knowing stile, with many refinements of a similar nature, well worthy the patronizers of such an instructor.

Small things make base men proud.—*Shakspeare.*

‡ As many of my readers may be unacquainted with this term, I beg to acquaint them that it signifies *handkerchief*. *Vid. Grose's Blackguard Dictionary.*

Better do nought, to gain a name,
Than by such acting merit *shame*;
Whereto let's add by way of check
The chance of getting broken neck,
Take counsel then, or else belike
Too late you may exclaim—I *strike*.*

MOTTO III.

“ *Non nobis solum.*”—LORD E * DL * Y.

Not for ourselves alone.

THE other day my wond'ring view
Devoid of *beard*, beheld a Jew,
Whose heart no yearnings did assail
To eat a porker's curly tail†.

“ Good son of Abraham,” quoth I,

“ Your ordinance, why vilify ?

“ Since Mordecai should never eat

“ A slice of pig's unholy meat.”

Our son of Israel growing hot,

Exclaimed, “ *vat's dat to you, mine Got?*”

Then added straight in greedy tone

“ Was swine's flesh made for you alone ?”

Convinc'd it was no Moses spoke,

I ray'd the Jew in christian's cloak,

For never did true Abr'ham's elf

Cry out, *not only for myself*.‡

* Alluding no doubt to the *finale* of the subject in question, whose career 'tis more than probable will terminate in a *broken neck*.

† There is little to be wondered at, in the change of an Israelite's faith; when we find the votaries of christianity so regardless of every moral principle, by which they should be guided. Would to heaven that the mere feasting off a *pig's tail*, constituted with us the only infringement upon the precepts of virtue and morality.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose,—

An evil soul producing holy witness,

Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart,

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

‡ Should my reader never yet have had dealings with one of the chosen, let him only make trial, and if he does not find him so completely *selfish* as to validate the poet's assertion, rendering *non nobis solum* a mere *bug-bear*.

MOTTO IV.

"*Palma non sine pulvere.*"—LORD H*WKESB*RY.

Honor not undeserved.

Two ways there are to gain a place,
The *honorable* and the *base*,
For dirty means will oft
Raise nothingness aloft,*
Better than struggles of a noble mind
Toiling to benefit all human kind.

One plan gains fortune in a crack,
Not by the *front stairs*, but the *BACK* ;
By which you may attain
With sounding title—*gain*,†
But will such outward trappings varnish o'er,
And thus the picture *clean* to sight restore.

When such pursuits acquire renown,
I envy not the glitt'ring crown ;
Give me the bright abode
Acquir'd by Honor's road :
Since then indeed my motto well might be
Palma palma non sine pulvere.‡

* It is surprising to find what wonderful effects are produced by indefatigable industry in affairs of little moment, and the greatest servility displayed towards your betters. By adopting this conduct a man of mediocre talents may shift himself from one place into another with as much facility as the *grubb*, an insect in every respect worthy to be ranked with a being of this denomination.

† Skipping up the *back stairs* to retail all the tittle tattle of the day, has frequently enchanted the ear of R——y, and thereby produced no small remuneration to the informant, who has conceived the *honour* equally well deserved as if attained by the most brilliant and noble exploits.

‡ *Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intamiantis fulget honoribus.*

HORACE.

MOTTO V.

Templa quam dilecta!—LORD GRENVILLE.

How the Temples are beloved!

If lore scholastic and the Statesman's mind,
If honour, virtue, in one breast combin'd,
Should claim a people's universal praise
To thee, bright *Temple*, let me sound my lays.

No crooked policy, no thirst of blood
Tarnish'd in thee, the sacred name of *good* ;*
Pure were the thoughts that held o'er thee controul,
The public lore true mentor of thy soul.

Though party faction might thy party hate,
E'en foes proclaim'd thee true to Albion's state;
Pure honour's ray illum'd thy short command,
And *justice* led thee with her even hand.

Then hail, bless'd *Temple*, unpolluted shrine,
Once more enshield us with thy pow'r benign :
So shall the cruel thirst of carnage cease,
And bless our soil with universal *peace*.†

* When a statesman appears to enlighten the political hemisphere, blessed with a capacious mind, endowed with brilliant talents, and above all possessed of unimpeachable integrity, it is by no means a matter of astonishment that his loss of station should be severely felt by the community at large, and more particularly when a complete system of Machiavelian policy forms the basis of that power, whose machinations have undermined the glorious structure reared by justice, honour, and the real *amor patriæ*.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.

HORACE.

† There is an old Latin adage which is now however quite exploded by our modern rulers, who are much better pleased to adopt the *bellum internecineum* for their motto, though the chances of war have invariably demonstrated for many years back that they have been playing a losing game.

MOTTO VI.

Sed sine labe decus.—LORD ELDON.

Honour without stain.

EACH dignitary of the law
 Should boast bright honour void of flaw,
 For ev'ry statute maker,
 Cannot himself enforce such act,
 If guilty of some glaring fact
 That proves him statute-breaker.

Now view true honour void of stain
 That keeps o'er *passion*—steady rein,
 To deal forth justice truly,
 Here pois'd in air the scales behold
 Unaw'd by power, unbought by gold,
 Dispensing justice truly.

Oh! may our country's public weal
 For ever view the *conscience* seal,
 Of kings thus plac'd—for—*Pecus*
 May then proclaim, and with just cause,
 I boast in such a lord of laws,
*Sed sine labe decus.**

* When venality has spread its baleful influence through all ranks of society, when high officers of the state cannot be proof against its potent spell, nor the doctrines of christianity allay the shameful *cacoethes* in the souls of our very clergy; what innate pleasure does it afford the mind, to contemplate the stern unshaken integrity, which characterizes the guardians of our laws, and the dispensers of justice. Thank Heaven, in this country every court has to boast its *Judge Gascoine*, who fearless of consequences, resented an insult offered to his person while seated on the bench, by committing the son of our fourth Henry into close custody.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

OPERA HOUSE.—(*Saturday, May the first.*) It has repeatedly fallen to us to notice this establishment with a degree of severity, not governed by any consideration of its utility, or of the personages who are its warmest supporters—we have repeatedly pointed it out as a place of fashionable assignation, as the point and centre of fashionable negotiation in amatory matters before the curtain; and, behind it, restrained by no delicacy, or the seeming of virtue, the very mart of prostitution! We have held it up, as the resource of designing foreigners, who prey upon the purse of a weak nobility, that purse which ought to be directed to the sustainment of English merit, the support and protection of the English arts; and who would avail themselves of any opportunity of betraying the land that has received them, the people who have protected them—thus have we spoken, facts have verified the assertion; and where doubt shall still linger, let him repair to the theatre on any occasion, with the eye of reflective observation, and detect as we have detected. Not arguing thus, as a general rule, because we shall be bound to admit a variety of exceptions, and indeed, to emphatically acknowledge that we have seen dignified virtue in an opera box, virtue above suspicion, and upon the stage characters exemplary for their situation, we must aver that the exceptions are not sufficiently numerous to relax our strictures, or suppress our opinions upon the whole concern, stigmatizing it as a reservoir of vice, where the corrupted and the corruptible eagerly throng, because the finger of fashion points the way, and fashion is acknowledged arbitrary. The Opera is the last consideration of its frequenters: to see, and be seen, are its objects—to display the voluptuous figure in all its fascinations, to excite libidinous desires, and attract the gaze of a fopling flutterer but just escaped the rod of his tutor: and to such an acmé is this system carried, that the daughter of nobility but just entering her teens, throws away the veil of modesty ere her understanding has pointed out to her the value of its shelter, and exposes her person to beau criticism, devoid of timidity, courting his gaze with the smile of approbation. We are no stoics in female affairs, nor the advocates of prudery: we wish

not to see the lovely form of woman impenetrably hid beneath flannels and sattins, or to be robbed of the brilliancy of a pair of fine eyes, the exquisite vermillion of the cheek, the ruby of the lip, or the glowing symmetry of a fine formed neck: no; these are treasures of nature, which to be deprived of the sight in modest array, would be a punishment for which we are very little disposed. Nature has done so much for woman, and planted such an exquisite thrill of admiration in the breast of man, that art is unnecessary, and if used, must be for other purposes than those of modesty or virtue. If the beautiful female throws out a lure, she must be content in her sacrifice; for who shall condemn the young and sensitive mind alive to pleasure, and intoxicated with the blandishments of the other sex, those charms which in their fascination rush upon and storm the heart—how shall he be condemned for gratification, while the flame was lit and fed by the woman whom he ruined? Continence is not in the nature of man; honor and all flies when the stimulant has once awakened desire. They know very little of the human heart, the strings of which retain even the impressions of the passions, if they suspect it is hedged in by the iron fence of morality, which can effectually resist the insinuating glance of a pair of fine eyes, stealing a lingering detected look beneath a pair of silken lashes; or witness unmoved ringlets, wandering down a snowy bosom, but half revealed by timid shrinking muslin; but *so revealed*, that the wildest desire and the warmest imagination follows its folds with extatic gaze, mad with its negligence for shewing so much, or not shewing more. To this, and all this has the Opera House arrived. It is the place of debut in licentiousness, where virtue's self is the tempter, and the tempted; if that can be called virtue which puts on the dazzling form of snow, and retains its coldness: for there are those who make a mere show of their charms to inflame the Tantalusses of fashion; but we much suspect whether this can be really called virtue, and we doubt whether the coldness lasts longer than the *convenience*. We are told the seduction of a maid in high life is a never-to-be-forgiven sin; but in a state of matrimony, when the blinking Cerberus is asleep, the fruit may be plucked with impunity, the coldness thaws, for the period of convenience is arrived. Well, we had thus dwelt upon the immorality of this splendid structure, the Opera-

House, where vice, with the insinuating airs of a syren beckons the votary of pleasure, and amuses and gladdens the eyes of the inexperienced; but we had it yet left to record one of the most extraordinary outrages which civilized barbarism was capable of, in the King's Theatre, in the British metropolis, in the vicinity of the court; an outrage and disturbance which would have disgraced the gods in the shilling gallery of our winter theatres; an outrage directed, sustained, and completed by the sons of our nobility, by the booted beaux of Bond-street, the insects of sensuality, amidst the loud cheering and bravoing of ladies of title and fashion, in the presence of their lords—nay, even of the keeper of the King's privy seal (the Earl of Westmoreland,) the Lord Warden of the Regent's Stannaries (the Earl of Yarmouth,) and the two Lords of the Bedchamber (the grave Lords Headfort and Petersham !!!) Our limits will not allow us to enter into copious observations on this disgraceful fracas, and if they did, could we not more emphatically sum them up in a few words? We will leave our reader to the exercise of his judgment, confine ourselves to the matter of fact; and first as to the cause—this was the absence of Madame Catalani, the prominent attraction of the evening, in the opera of 'Enrico IV.' who, refusing to perform until she had received her arrears of salary, was advertised in the bills of the day to have "withdrawn herself from the theatre." As both parties, Madame Catalani and Mr. Taylor, have put in very opposite pleas of justification for their conduct, we shall not stop to make any inquiries on their transactions, but proceed to the detail of this very interesting theatrical, or rather operatical broil.

From the commencement of the performance a disposition to turbulence on the part of the audience was observable, and which seemed smothering until the beginning of the ballet "*La Chaumiere Hongroise ou les Illustres Fugitifs*," when it betrayed evident signs of bursting out into a more than usual roar. The wings of the stage were crowded to the complete obstruction of the performance, and the annoyance of the performers. The shaking of a *forest* excited alarm; a fight was announced, not *en militaire*, but *a la Belcher*. Scenic trees were torn up by the roots, and the Hungarian costume of the dancers gave way to a general court mourning *a l'Anglais*; The stage was literally crowded with men in black (i. e. not b-ckg-ds), brandishing sticks, and committing the most flagrant outrages, destroying

the scenery, and exhibiting, after the Italian manner, the most infuriated gestures. The alarmed figurantes were flying in every direction—soldiers were called in for the purpose of obtaining order, but so unused were they to broils of the kind, and so incautious were they in their entrance, that they were easily surrounded and disarmed—*Disarmed!* Yes, to their meritorious forbearance be it spoken, not without resistance, but without the use of those dangerous weapons with which they might have inflicted the most summary punishment on their assailants. The noble victors drew the bayonets of the vanquished soldiers, and flourished them about to the infinite dismay of the more orderly, and with terror for the consequences by the greater part of the house. The soldiers were withdrawn, and the beaux, anxious to shew their laurels, their trophies, and to claim the admiration of the ladies, dispersed themselves about the house, and were seen nodding, winking, smiling, and receiving the congratulatory cheers of the approving ladies in the boxes, who seemed to have much enjoyed the whole spectacle.

But peace was not yet restored:—one of this tremendous band of fashionable warriors had incurred the displeasure of the gents in the gallery; and by way of shewing his contempt at their pipes and groans, committed one or two little irregularities with the tail of his coat up in rather a significant manner, a manner which could not but shock the delicacy of the matrons of the night—the heroes of the evening rushed upon the stage, and insisted on their quondam friend's making an apology to the audience on his bended knees—this he resolutely refused, and bore much buffetting to avoid—the cry of “throw him over,” “throw him over,” became general—this cry was to the effect that he be thrown over into the orchestra, which after much laboring was accomplished, but not without a due spoliation of lamps, coats, waistcoats, &c. &c. and a few broken crowns, A display of oratorical powers now became the order of the evening, and several ineffectual efforts were made to be heard; but all were affected by the same mania; they were all speakers, and the confusion of voices must have resembled that at the tower of Babel. Col. Mellish, Mr. Kinnaid, Lord Yarmouth, and—out with it—Mr. Coates—Mr. Romeo-Lothario-Curricie-Hobby-Coates—all wished to be heard, and roared themselves hoarse to effect their purpose, but in vain!

To close this disgraceful narrative, let us point out the only good effect which could have, and has resulted from it—unless, indeed, shutting up the theatre altogether. My Lord Chamberlain, Francis Seymour Ingram Conway, Marquis of Hertford, has by command of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent closed the communication between the pit and the stage of the Opera; thereby preventing the shameful practice of gentlemen's obtruding themselves behind the scenes; and although it is said at the loss of *three thousand* a year to the proprietor, yet in favour of the cause of decency and morality, of more than fifty times that annual value to the public and the guardians of youth.

DRURY LANE.—The *Russian*. Nothing are so easily pampered as the prejudices of John Bull; and there are not wanting those, upon all occasions, to gratify his vanity, and empty his pockets by well-timed mummery, gross flattery, and spectacle. The vanity feeders are not confined to the drama, but spread themselves, and their empirical nostrums, through every branch of the legislature: however, as it becomes us now not to enquire into the state of things, but merely the state of the drama, let us return to “the Russian!” the melo-drama of Drury-lane, nightly performing to shouts of applause, tolerable houses, and middling receipts. It is privately said to be the production of Samuel James Arnold, Esq. magistrate, manager, poet, and musician; and if so, we see no reason why he should not publicly avow it, for feeble as are its claims to literary merit, it is upon a par with his “Swiss Banditti,” or any other of his lucubrations; but we much doubt this piece being an exhalation of his pen. We know his various avocations, his usual habits, and that he has really no time to bestow upon the Muse, the weeping Muse, mourning the absence of so dear a son! We know that he has little *family* duties to perform in Golden-square, to keep a quiet house; then, at the theatre, to entitle him to his salary; then, occasionally on the bench, to continue his being in the commission; over the bottle, to keep up his stamina; and at the noted *hot-house* in Brydges-street, to relax and regale over *cooling fruit*—the two latter duties are performed to a scruple, and often to the prejudice of the former, but wholly to the exclusion of that *brilliant* pen which has so often fascinated and delighted! “The Russian” is a mere stage clap-trap, without any other interest than what is pro-

duced by a brandy bottle not sufficiently large to supply the wants of a soldier, his wife, and child. The fable is of the hettman of a Russian village, (Bannister) *a meagre character, disgracing the powers of the performer*, receiving an account of his son Orloff, (Elliston) *a gentleman with a wide mouth in character, and a black wig*, being wounded in a rencontre with the enemy, and left for dead on the field of battle. The tale is told with a pitiable face, but not sufficiently pathetic to arouse the heroism of the gallant Russians, or induce them to go in search of their comrade, and rescue him from his melancholy fate. Although Cossacks they appear to shiver at the cold, and although we may reasonably suppose every one of them has "spitted his *thirty-nine* of the enemy," yet they by no means shew a disposition to encounter them on such an expedition. To casual observation, this would not appear to convey a strong indication of the martial spirit of our brave allies! But upon more profound enquiry, it will be found the author has rendered their courage subservient to the lady, to shew more strongly the undaunted valor of a heroine of the Don—he has thrown a peculiar light upon his canvass, softening them down in order to throw forward a lady, whose limbs are bundled in flannels, and place her the main feature in his picture: thus in the wildness of her grief at the loss of her husband, Mrs. Nata (Miss Smith) determines on visiting the field of battle, and turning over the dead bodies of her countrymen until she shall have found her beloved Orloff. She prepares for departure, and having failed in obtaining a companion and protector from among the vanquishers of the French legion, as most ladies have their expedients, she takes her son, (a child) and a brandy bottle, as *proper* supporters on this trying occasion—but there is something else in store for her—the lad for the ladies, an Irishman!—an Irishman pops in his good-natured potatoe face, and offers to be her guide—which offer she very naturally but blushing accepts—now how this Irish soldier came in the vicinity of the Don, heaven knows! Perhaps in an ambulatory excursion from Cork to Dublin, he strayed a little out of his path, and being already *half seas over*, according to the quaint phrase, the author good-naturedly carried him the rest of the way. Be this as it may, the party set out on their perilous journey; and we are brought to the field of battle, where Orloff has lain ever since the fight; how long that was we know not, but long

enough for the news to be carried to his father and his wife, and for the performance of her journey—here he has lain covered with wounds, and in the most deadly cold, calmly waiting assistance, or to breathe his last. He is found by Nata, and a very affecting scene ensues, admirably performed; and now begins the interest of the brandy bottle, henceforward the most prominent performer in the drama. He is applied to the mouth of Orloff, and the child to his stomach: external and internal warmth appear to be immediately imparted, the wounds cicatrised, and the soldier restored. Three Frenchmen are now introduced, to shew us how Frenchmen are killed by the Cossacks: one of them is shot by Madame Nata, and the others dispatched by the heroes of the Don (we presume.) The Irishman pursues the enemy, and Mr. Orloff and his family commence their journey to the Cossack camp; and now new miseries begin, for the child, who bore the cold very well until his father was recovered, now feels the chill creep over him, and Nata, after a struggle, gives him the last drop of her infallible restorative (brandy), and he revives; the struggle is very violent between her own necessities and those of the child. Well, the boy is wrapped up carefully in a mantle, and placed upon a rock, where the frost again pinches him, and he cries out; but luckily the father Orloff has sufficient heat in his body to revive him. It is now Mrs. Nata's turn, who, no longer capable of resisting the inclement cold, sinks under it; as Macheath says, 'the brandy is out,' and she prevails upon her husband to leave her to her fate, who very kindly takes the hint, and leaves her to perish in a fall of snow; but, luckily again, the Irishman, who seems not half so much affected by the rigour of the climate as the Cossacks themselves, returns in the very nick of time, and with the assistance of some stragglers she is conveyed away upon burdles. Orloff is next discovered, who having taken good care of himself, is now in the most dolorous wailing, cries out for the loss of his wife; but a shout from without informs him of her safety, and they rush with much *warmth* into each other's arms.

The hair-breadth escapes being over, we are now informed of the arrival of the presents raised by English subscriptions, and a line of sledges are introduced, bearing large bales and band-boxes, labelled to the effect that they are donations from 'the Yeomen of England;' 'the Ladies of England;' and 'the Mer-

chants of England, &c. On the proposition of Nata the bundles are unpacked, and a profusion of rags are displayed to the great joy of the boors—silk tiffanies and satins are displayed as warm clothing in a climate of snow! and the piece concludes with a dance.—

O Sammy Arnold—Sammy Arnold, O!!!”

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Review of Education will be found in the body of the work—of the performers it is enough to say, that the comedy owes a great deal of its popularity to their exertions, which, united, we have seldom seen equalled in point of excellence.

May 25. The lovers of fine acting and the particular admirers of Mrs. Siddons were on this evening highly gratified by her return to the stage, to aid the fund for the support of decayed actors. The part chosen for the occasion, was that of Mrs. Beverley in Moore's admirable tragedy of the Gamester, perhaps the highest wrought in obdurate suffering in the English language. Mrs. Siddons's delineation of Mrs. Beverley is already well known. Capable of the finest touches of the mimic art, it has been a vehicle in the hands of this inimitable actress in which she embodied all that could awaken sensibility, all that could interest or affect, and from which she has derived no small portion of that applause which has invariably characterised her dramatic reign. It was a character rather happily selected, as being somewhat more appropriate to the person of Mrs. Siddons, which is by no means reduced in bulk, but has rather gained an accession of the flesh.—It was, as might naturally be expected, a very crowded house, and the reception of the old favorite as sanguine as could have been witnessed. Her performance was admirable; but much as we regret her absence from the stage, we cannot help whispering to Mrs. Siddons, in spite of the *Round Robin*, that her laurels are full blown, and if she ventures again to wreath them, the leaves will fall, and leave a barren chaplet.

